

# SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE

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JANUARY, 1851.



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EDITORS.

PROFESSOR J.S. HART & CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

PROPRIETORS: JOHN SARTAIN & WILLIAM SLOANAKER.

Published by J. Sartain & Co. Philadelphia,

Third St. oppos

Exchange



Establishment H. Dornfort

Frankfurt - M. Germany



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1851



LITERATURE AND ART.

L'ARTISTE MAGAZINE.



ENGRAVED BY JOHN SAATCHI - THE BOUNDARY OF THE LANCET, 1851

THE BOUNDARY OF THE LANCET, 1851







THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

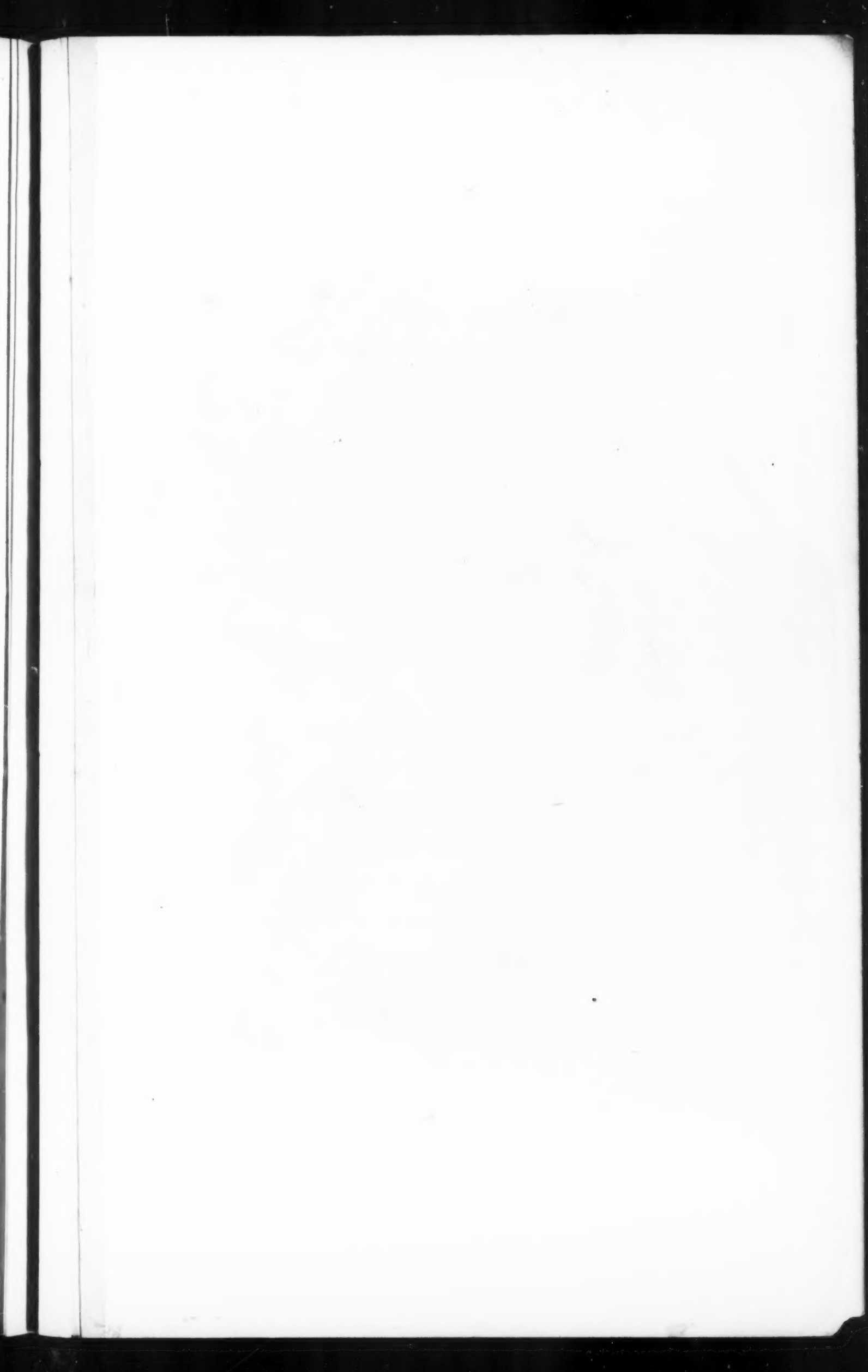
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

JOURNAL OF MARY IN THE FAIR





January.



# Come to the South.

WORDS BY

MUSIC BY

J. E. CARPENTER.

JAMES PERRING.


*Allegro Moderato.*



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets and slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



This system contains the first vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by the melody. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The lyrics "Come to the South, love, the beau-ti-fal South, Come to the land where the" are written below the vocal staff.



This system contains the second vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment provides a steady accompaniment. The lyrics "Al - oe trees grow; Sweet as the smiles that now play round thy mouth, There, there's the bright spot where young vi-o-lets blow. Oh, come then with" are written below the vocal staff.



# COME TO THE SOUTH.

me, o'er the far dis - tant sea, Oh, come then with me, o'er the far dis - tant sea. Then come to the South, love, the beautiful South, Oh,

*raro - - tempo*

come to the South, love, oh, come and be free! I'll watch thee, I'll press thee my

*Fine:*

bird to my breast, Where the sun shines so brightly, and the hours fly so lightly, Oh, come to the South, love, and there let us rest.

*D. C. al.*

## SECOND VERSE.

Come to the South, love, oh! come and be free,  
 Come to the land where the nightingale sings;  
 The North is too bleak for a flow'ret like thee,  
 Then come where the birds fly on rose-tinted wings.  
 Oh! come then with me, o'er the far distant sea,  
 Oh! come then with me, o'er the far distant sea,  
 Then come to the South, love, the beautiful South,  
 Oh! come to the South, love, oh! come and be free.  
 I'll watch thee, &c.



REMBRANDT PAINTING HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

# SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1851.

No. 1.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

### I.

#### THE OFFERING OF THE MAGI.

EVERYTHING about Jesus Christ is a paradox. In the line of royalty, and yet born poor; cradled in a manger, yet there admired, revered, and worshipped by the rich, the wise, and those who trod the courts of kings. Too poor to feed his disciples, to own a home, to ride in triumph for once, to eat with his friends, or even to own a grave,—these were borrowed for him.

Not able to pay a small tax until the very fish brought money at his bidding; put to death with the outcasts of society, a rich man's new tomb was his burial-place.

How far-reaching is Divine Wisdom! Hundreds of years before Christ, a wicked man uttered the prediction that "A star should arise out of Jacob!" And now, far away on the banks of the Euphrates, where they watched the stars, and measured the heavens, the star arises! Divinely instructed, they hasten towards the tents of Jacob. They cross the long, sandy desert, and come to Jerusalem. At the court of Herod it is announced that strangers, looking like ambassadors, have arrived.

"Let them come before us," says the proud king.

"Sire, the ancient books and traditions have taught us that a great Prince is to be born in this land; and a new star has arisen, as we were watching in the East, and our dreams

tell us the Prince has come. We have come to worship him. Where is he?" And Herod is troubled. All the city is moved! They talk of nothing but the new star.

The strangers move on towards Bethlehem. At dusk the new star, increased in brightness, appears, coming down almost to the earth! The strangers shout in their own tongue, but stop not till the star hangs over an humble dwelling. A prince? A king? Where is the palace? Where the officers of state? Where the rejoicing nation? But their faith staggers not! They find a Babe, but they believe the vision, and opening their treasures, gold and frankincense, acknowledge him a prince and divine.

O ye, who, not understanding God's ways, think that his plans fill a circle no larger than ours—

Learn that our Father in Heaven is confined to no particular way or method of leading men to his Son. The star, the voice of Balaam, and the troubled tyrant, all lend their aid.

Learn again that God has friends in places where we should not look for them. Though scattered widely, he sends them his promises, and on his seal is written, "The Lord knoweth who are his."

Learn that men are honoured as they honour the Saviour. These men we never hear of but once, we know only of one deed which they performed; but that deed will be admired, and will redound to their honour, as long as the world shall endure.





## II.

## JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MICAH ASHER, M. D.

Along the mountain side,  
 Along the quiet vale;  
 Sweeter than the fountain's tide,  
 And louder than the gale,  
 A Voice, a Voice is heard.  
 Each leaflet feels the shaking,  
 The tall pines bow their heads;  
 The rose, the joy partaking,  
 Far round its fragrance sheds;  
 Each by the Voice is stirred.

The green palm waves its flowers,  
 And rocks in echoes speak;  
 The deserts bloom like bowers  
 Where murmuring waters break,—  
 A Voice, a Voice is there.  
 And louder than the thunder  
 That shakes the listening earth,  
 Or the mountains rent asunder  
 By the young earthquake's birth,  
 Now hear that Voice declare:—

"I see a new Rose spring to birth,  
 I see a new Star beam on earth;  
 I hail a Light that gilds the East,  
 I feel a joy beyond the feast—  
 The day of promise breaking.  
 A lamp before the rising sun,  
 I speak of glories just begun;  
 Love's light will burst on every eye,  
 And from the gray and misty sky  
 All darkness is forsaking.

"O hail that Fountain, soon to stream!  
 O hail that Sun, so soon to beam!  
 O hail that desert just awaking,  
 O hail! the night o'er hill-tops breaking  
 While all the darkness turns to gray  
 O men of Israel! hail your King,  
 The old should shout, the children sing,  
 See! the mountains bend before him,  
 See! the valleys rise to adore him,  
 O men of sin, prepare his way!"

Ye deaf! ye now glad tidings hear!  
 Ye lame! no more your crutches bear!  
 Ye blind shall see in his pure light!  
 Ye palsied ones! now stand upright!  
 For lo! our God appears.

Oh, higher yet his star shall rise;  
While wise men mock, and babes are wise,  
Its light shall mantle all the earth,  
And unborn myriads bless its birth,  
Through endless, endless years!

### III.

#### THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

As the light of the bright morning broke over the hills of Judea, a great multitude was seen hastening up the sides of the mountain. All the night long the Son of Man had been on this mountain alone. What prayers he offered, what desires he expressed, what visions he saw,

we may never know in this world. But early the crowds have gathered that they may hear him speak. They have heard that no human tongue ever uttered notes so sweet, that no human voice ever thrilled the heart with such power, leaving its echo in the soul, like some sweet music that seems to hover over the harp that first created the melody, and their hearts whisper that he may be the long-promised Messiah.

Near, and around him stand the many who call themselves his scholars. These he calls to him, and from them selects twelve by name. The multitude wonder. Are these the twelve who are to be generals in his army, marshals in his empire, as he leads out the hosts of Israel to their deliverance? Are these to be his staff officers in that mighty struggle, in



which he will throw off the galling, Roman yoke, and make his country free? Hark! He is now about to speak, to instruct them, unfolding his plans for raising, supporting, and disciplining his army, and of restoring Israel to the glory of Solomon! Hark! He is now to

show himself a king, and to lift up the banner under which the embattled hosts shall muster to war! What a call to arms, to blood, to death and glory, will now be heard!

In utter amazement the crowds see him sit down on a piece of rock. No sword, spear,

trumpet, or banner, is seen! He calls around him his selected ones, instructs them, prepares them to go out in his name among men. How strange the instructions, in manner, in spirit, and in their power! The voice, though low and soft, reaches every ear. His countenance is meek and lowly, yet he speaks with a power never known before. Instead of exciting the Jewish war-spirit, his very first words, if obeyed, would banish war from the earth. The characters which men despise, he exalts and pronounces blessed. The exterior, at

which they looked, was nothing to him. The heart was the man; the thoughts were the character; the feelings were the deed. Old prejudices, traditions, notions, and practices, he threw away as worthless and injurious. Formality, hypocrisy, and pretence, he detected and denounced. Quoting no traditions, appealing not to antiquity, asking no authority, he threw away long-established notions and usages, and exposed the deep principles of human action, as if he alone in all creation spoke with the voice of authority and truth.



#### IV.

#### THE HEALING OF THE LEPER.

BY THE REV. S. E. BRACE.

AMID the thronging crowd,  
The outcast leper to the Saviour came,  
And, scorned of men, before the Lord he bowed  
In deep disease and shame.

The poor in spirit knelt  
In lonely sorrow, as of men unseen;  
One hope, and one petition only felt—  
"Lord, thou canst make me clean."

Thy prayer, poor leper, won  
That high response which winds and waves could still;  
The sovereign voice which "speaks, and it is done,"  
Replied to thee—"I will."

Thy faith hath made thee whole  
Go, leper, thou art healed: and time shall bear  
Through ages onward, to each leprous soul,  
The story of thy prayer.

Go, burdened sinner, fall  
At the great Healer's feet, and prostrate there,  
Diseased and helpless, on his mercy call,  
And raise the leper's prayer.

Go, guilty, troubled soul,  
Go, like the leper, to the Saviour's feet;



Beseech him now to make thy spirit whole,  
And for his glory meet.

Stay not away and die,  
The great Physician stands in mercy near;  
Go thou, and for his healing humbly cry,  
And he the cry will hear.

One touch of his can heal;  
One word can bid the spirit's conflict cease;  
One gracious smile the hope of heaven reveal,  
And bid thee "go in peace."

## V.

## CHRIST SENDING OUT THE APOSTLES.

How differently an event appears at the time of its occurrence, and after ages have thrown their light upon it, and after time hath written a long scroll, containing the consequences of that event! It seemed, at the time, of little



consequence for the new prophet of Nazareth to send out a few illiterate men as heralds of his kingdom. Without education, wealth, genius, the patronage of the rich, or any thing by which they might hope to attract attention. They surrounded their teacher, and were told to go out in his name, and under his sole authority! How eagerly Peter, ardent and headstrong, listened! How timidly did lovely John receive the command! How strong arose the hope in the bosom of the traitor, that he would now have the opportunity to fill his purse! They thought that it was a commission to them to go out and preach the gospel: we see that it embraced the commission of every faithful

preacher of that gospel to the end of the world. They thought Judea and its environs would form the boundaries of their labours; they little knew that on continents then undiscovered, and in languages then uncreated, magnificent churches would bear their names, and they would be invoked as the guardian saints! But those brief instructions form all the commission Christ's servants can ever claim. It was like stamping laws on light and on water, so that the creation of the first rainbow created every rainbow that shall ever hang on the dark clouds. The engineer seems to do but little as he marks out a track, and sets up here and there a stake, but in reality, he is deciding where the multitudes,

who shall daily pass over that road, shall go. It is thus that the acts of our Saviour, which seem at first view to be insignificant, are found to contain in them vast results. The oak is wrapped in the acorn; the mighty tree in the little seed. The few instructions contained in this one commission are worth more to the human race than the mightiest volume that uninspired, plodding minds have ever penned. Genius may throw his beautiful creations upon the world, and they will be admired: Learning may pour out his rich stores, and mankind will rise up and do him homage; Eloquence may throw his electrical wires over men, and make them

thrill at his will; Music may touch her lyre, and the heart will tremble in ecstasy: and Poetry may lift up the soul in regions where the sunshine, the light, the very breathings are unearthly: yet, after all, there was never a being who, in words so few, so simple, so childlike, bowed, subdued, and controlled so many hearts, as Jesus Christ. And if we were asked to point to a single page that beams with light like that which flashed from the Shekinah between the cherubim, we would turn to the great commission,—Jesus Christ sending out men to preach the gospel to all the earth.



## VI.

CHRIST CURING ONE SICK OF THE  
PALSY.

STRETCHED on a couch of living death,  
With nought of life but pulse and breath,  
They bring the paralytic near,  
For they have heard a Saviour's here.  
Crowds are around;—the rich, the wise;—  
Poor palsied wretch! they will despise

Thee and thy friends; no room for thee;  
The sinner's friend thou mayst not see;—  
But conquering faith inspires the way,  
The sick before the Lord to lay.  
See! through the throng their way they bend,  
Now have they found the sinner's friend.  
On that benumbed and palsied ear  
Already falls that word of cheer,  
"Son, be thy many sins forgiven!"  
Like blessed summer rain from heaven,  
That word hath life and vigour given;  
Already see the faded eye  
Kindling with hope and ecstasy;



Already the untutored crowd  
 Prepare to glorify their God,—  
 Is there a heart untuned to praise?  
 Ah, yes; those scoffing Rabbis raise  
 The cry of blasphemy; "For none  
 Can pardon sins but God alone."  
 How meekly did the Saviour then  
 His Godhead and his power maintain:—  
 "Whether is easier to say,  
 'Rise, take thy couch, and go thy way;'  
 Or to prepare a soul for heaven,  
 By showing all its sins forgiven?  
 But that your hardened hearts may know,  
 The Son of Man *hath* power below,  
 I to this palsied sufferer say,  
 'Rise, take thy couch, and go thy way!'"  
 The crowds their shouts of honour raise,  
 As with glad haste the man obeys,  
 And mingles gratitude with praise.

## VII.

## CHRIST HEALING THE DEMONIAC.

Scene—Sunset in the cottage of the widow Shelomith, the Jewess.

O MY children, would that you had been with me to-day, that you might have seen the strange things I have seen. As I went out to the harvest-field to glean the widow's portion, the scattering ears, with little Helez, who so earnestly desired to see the reaping, I found the reapers leaving their work, and hastening, with multitudes of strangers, towards Capernaum. On my inquiring what this meant,

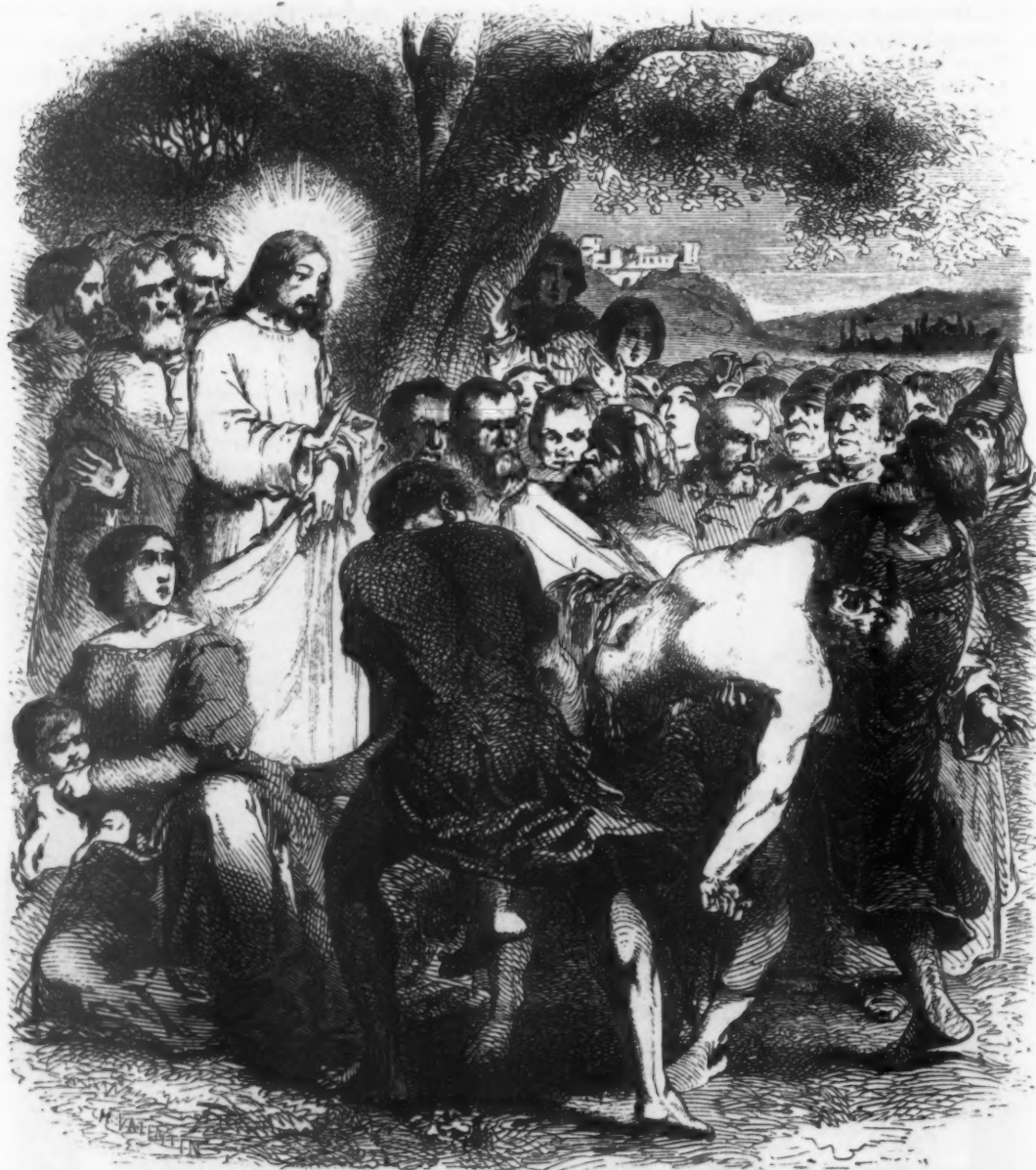


Abdon, our neighbour, said, "Jesus, the carpenter's son, is near," and hurried on. Having heard of the wonders done by this new prophet, I took your little brother by the hand, and led him to the grove just in sight of Capernaum, where Jesus stood. You ask me how

he looked? Ah! my children, I cannot describe his majesty and loveliness;—he is fairer than the sons of men. Around him stood twelve men who follow him, they say, in all his wanderings. Before he began to speak, a stir arose in the crowd, and two strong Ishmael-

ites, assisted by an old man, brought forward the most wretched being I ever saw. It was a young man, perfectly blind, and dumb, and possessed by an evil spirit. The poor creature could not catch one ray of light, or utter one word or groan of agony, as Satan tormented his soul and body. The God of Israel, blessed be His name, has never before permitted the destroyer to touch His people in this life till now, when, alas! darkness and

sorrow rest upon his chosen nation. The sceptre *has* departed from Jacob—why does not Shiloh come? As I told you, struggling, writhing, with clenched hands, yet speechless, this possessed one was brought to Jesus, and without a word, yet with a look of entreaty, the father raised his eyes to him. The prophet raised his eyes to heaven, stretched forth his right hand, and touched the tormented one. In an instant, the poor sufferer ceased



his struggles, and the agonized face became as peaceful as your sleeping baby-sister;—the evil spirit had departed. But as the great multitude exclaimed, "Is not this the Son of David?" some of the Pharisees said, "This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils." Though Carmi, Mezron, and Helah, learned, respected Pharisees, scribes of the law, said this, I cannot believe it, for Satan never relieved one sufferer, and desires our everlasting misery. I

hastened away to tell you, my little ones, of this great miracle. My heart tells me that he may be our long-desired Messiah; I will take you to his feet, and entreat him to bless you. They say he never refused an earnest request, that he has sent none away uncared for;—we will beg his blessing, that you may be kept from the power of Satan, now and for ever. Would that your father was alive to see this day, when our nation is to be rescued from the Roman power, and Messiah to commence his reign!



## THE SEASONS.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

(See Engraving.)

WINTER, a happy age might see,  
At home among his children three,  
If he could but contented be;  
    When skies grow fair,  
He frets and sweats perpetually  
    For change of air.

"I must be gone—go get my steed—  
But, children, lest we come to need,  
(Spring, Summer, Autumn,) be agreed,  
    And mind the pelf.  
You'll find the pots and pans of seed  
    Upon the shelf."

Winter returned, with faithful shoon,  
Some days beyond the harvest moon,  
When winds had got their pipes in tune  
    To have a blow,  
And in the sombre afternoon  
    A scud of snow.

To hail him to his homestead towers,  
Lacquered by Love, and scarfed with flowers,  
Came Spring, the queen of rosy hours,  
    And Summer, up,  
And Autumn, from his vintage bowers,  
    With ready cup.

But he was cross as cross could be,  
For very, very cold was he—  
(Cold as a miser's charity  
    That no man meddles)—  
And to the fire put, tremblingly,  
    His picks and pedals.

With Autumn's logs the chimney roared,  
The supper reeked with Summer's hoard,  
And Spring with flowers dressed the board:  
    The carl peered roun'—  
"Ye're likely folks, my three adored!"  
    He sate him down.

Spring sang a song—her tuneful powers  
Cradled the soul in vernal bowers;  
Forth stepped the sun his cloudy towers,—  
    Skies opened fair,—  
Ye seemed to feel the breath of flowers  
    Among your hair.

And Summer sang a busy tale,  
Of fruits and grains in russet mail.  
Reeled the full wain, of verdure pale,  
    In at the door;  
Rang the quick trampling thresher's flail  
    Upon the floor.

And Autumn breathed his thoughtful lore,  
In echoes dying evermore;  
Or swelling, o'er a watered shore,  
    From solitudes.  
Barked the loud axe, with startled roar,  
    In naked woods.

Warmed up with wine and social glee,  
Winter, a merry carl was he.  
With drops of tears in either e'e

He told his stories;  
Each one as queer as queer could be,  
    And each more glorious.

He'd been in Jack Frost's capitol—  
Seen in an icy armour-hall,  
Of icicles, both great and small,  
    In rows like guns—  
Seen powder-snow, and hail for ball,  
    By scores of tons.

He'd stood upon the Arctic seas,  
Where he had seen the old moon squeeze  
Through Sims's Hole, by hard degrees,  
    And kenned it well;  
But if the moon were stone, or cheese,  
    He could not tell.

Beneath a sky-bow borealis,  
He'd danced, on ice, the jig of sailors,  
With dewlapped witches three, as pale as—  
    And blue—as Death;  
While wolves sang chorus, hoarse as whalers,  
    With all their breath.

But in the reel he dropped his stick—  
They took it for a cursed trick,  
And skyward whisk'd, rocket-quick.  
    With thunder din,  
The ice, it bursted in a nick,  
    And soused him in.

In truth, he sopped it—got uproarious,  
And bade his daughters sing like Boreas,  
He hugged 'em, like a god uxorious,  
    And kissed 'em o'er,  
And thumped his pewter mug victorious,  
    And called for more.

His children tried to stint his measure;  
It moved the old man's quick displeasure:  
"Na! na! now—give!—I am not azure!  
    If ye were I,  
So old, and cold, ye'd know the treasure  
    Of being dry."—

The morning blazed—no wind did blow,  
And icicles, in many a row,  
Went, crash, and skittered o'er the snow.  
    In dreary shape  
Lay hearth, and board; and Winter snored  
    With jaws agape.

Now, reader, don't put up your hair;  
With this true story try to bear,  
Although it makes old Winter wear  
    The mask of Vice:  
Wisdom, and Wit, and Virtue are  
    Not over nice.

Though social nights, and rousing cheer,  
Makes Old Advice less wise than queer,  
And Prudence says, with eye severe,  
    "It is not well!"—  
Be kind, if Age, but once a year,  
    O'erdoes himsel'.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

BY WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINOCK.

(See Engraved Title-Page.)

On! thou bright and blest Ideal,  
Radiant vision of my dreams,  
Lighting up the darksome Real  
With your rainbow-tinted gleams;  
I have wooed thee long and fondly,  
With a proud, impassioned heart,  
And thy dove-eyed, fair twin children,  
Beauteous Literature and Art;

The glorious, glorious sisters,  
How beautiful to see,  
How lightsome  
And how brightsome  
And how radiant they be!  
With their smiling,  
And beguiling,  
Care and sorrow, what are ye?  
In the sunlight of their glances,  
Ah! how beautiful to see.

Wouldst thou know the thoughts of sages?  
Wouldst thou read the poet's song?  
One fair sister holds the volume—  
See, she waits not overlong.  
Wouldst thou see the canvass speaking,  
Lifelike, to the gazer's heart?  
Bend before the fair twin children,  
Beauteous Literature and Art.  
The glorious, glorious sisters,  
How beautiful to see,

Like a vision  
All Elysian,  
In their loneliness they be:  
Bow down, mortal,  
At their portal,  
That opes but to melody;  
At the portal of the sisters,  
Ah! how beautiful to see.

They are smiling on each other,  
They are speaking words of love,  
Cheering on each other's efforts,  
That her task may lighter prove;  
For the genius, fired by Heaven,  
Hath of selfishness no part,  
And your sympathy is godlike,  
Beauteous Literature and Art.  
The Ideal's fair twin children,  
Oh! how beautiful they be!  
Sunlight dances  
In their glances,  
With a sky-born brilliancy;  
May they never  
Part or sever,  
But in beauty still be seen,  
In the pages  
Of the sages  
Of the "Union Magazine."

## THE BROWN MANTLE.

BY EDITH MAY.

WRITE thee her history? Why, dear friend, I weave  
Always a new one. That of yesterday,  
To-day seems trite. Some varying of my mood,  
Some chance-thrown light upon the picture caught,  
Still makes me question if I read aright  
The limner's meaning. I can only guess  
That not in grief, or guilt, her soul is drawn  
Through her raised eyes towards Heaven. Too ripe a hue  
Crimsons the passionate fulness of her lip;  
The black profusion of her rippled hair,  
Caught backward from a cheek too rosy clear.  
She hath been leaning o'er the saintly book  
Her clasped hands rest upon, for one rich lock  
Hath parted from the mass, across her brow  
Pencilling its shadow. You would never guess  
Her state from her arraying; at her throat  
The sad-hued mantle, with its falling hood,  
Close gathered. Best of all, I love her eyes—  
I'd have no change in them. I would not see  
Even the angel presence of a smile,

Troubling their darkness.

Was she good as fair?  
How thinkest thou? Are not her very looks  
Teachers of purity?—Was she high born?  
Young, lovely, noble, did she give to God  
The blossom of her nature? She has dwelt  
Where the Seine wanders; canst thou image her  
A peasant, loitering through the vintage fields,  
Binding her brows with grape leaves—else, apart.  
Weaving fresh chaplets? For she hath been wont  
To kneel at Romish altars; and I know,  
Under the brown folds of her cloak you'd find  
Beads and a crucifix.

Peasant, or queen,  
I'll think of her as one, whose lightest word  
Angels heard unrebuking; whose pure heart  
Turned from impurity, as a flower shuts  
At the approach of night.

Ah, be content!  
I would not know her history if I could.

## MY SON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

(ANDREW M. SIGOURNEY DIED AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, JUNE 24, 1850, AGED NINETEEN.)

THOU hast gone hence, my beautiful,—  
For so thou wert to me,—  
When Summer, in most glorious pomp,  
Enrobed both vale and tree;  
When, round the trellis of thy home,  
The vine, entwining fair,  
With perfume of its choicest flowers,  
Enriched the balmy air;  
And when the full, solstitial moon,  
Poured such a flood of light,  
As if the crystal gates of heaven  
Were opened to our sight.

I miss thee everywhere, my son,  
I miss thee everywhere;  
Each nook, where side by side we sate,  
Sofa, or antique chair,  
The table, where thy books and pens  
Were with precision laid,  
The favourite watch, thy fingers wound  
Even 'mid Death's darkening shade,  
The burnished bells, that to thy couch  
The heedful nurse would call—  
Alas! how very a trifle moves  
A mother's tears to fall.

Again, with vivid tint returns  
Thy childhood's cloudless scene;  
Thy truthful words, thy pious mind,  
Reflecting and serene;  
The haunts where thou wert wont to muse  
Amid the lone, green wood,  
And "write a story, that should make  
Some little children good;"  
Thy joy, the daily lesson o'er,  
Thy father's lawns to rove,  
Fast by thy gentle sister's side,  
Twin-like, and full of love:

For hand in hand, and heart to heart,  
Their forms one shadow cast,  
As from the arbour's sweet recess,  
Through gardens fair they passed,  
Or sought the margin of the stream  
That flowed rejoicing by,  
Or wandered where the solemn grove  
Upreared its canopy.  
Study, and sport, and Nature's love,  
Beguiled these happy hours;  
And thus thy first two lustrums fled,  
Amid the thornless flowers.

Then came the school-boy's lot, to search  
For wealth of classic lore,  
And then, to other homes transferred,  
My pupil wert no more.  
Yet duly, still, at twilight hour,  
Thine image sought my side,  
And dawn awoke the anxious prayer  
That God would be thy guide.  
For much I feared, as mothers will,  
Some hidden foe, or strife,  
And knew thy nerves too keenly strung  
To bear the ills of life.

But throngs of painful memories rise,  
That I would fain forget,  
When on thy young and vigorous form  
Disease its seal had set;  
The wasting flesh, the wearied heart,  
The eye's unearthly ray,  
The hectic kindling on the cheek,  
Dire signal of decay;  
The racking cough, that nightly rang  
Its death-knell on my ear,  
Which still, amid my broken dream,  
I start, and seem to hear.

Ah! hast thou fallen, our youngest one,  
Fallen from the parent tree,  
Of whom I said, in all my toil,  
This same shall comfort me?  
This same shall lay me in my grave,  
And dress my burial mould?  
And little deemed, with trembling hand,  
To close thine eyelids cold,  
Or breathe the agonizing plaint  
At morn and eventide,  
"Oh! would to God, my only son,  
That I, for thee, had died!"

Fade, memories, fade! Ye rend my heart!  
I bid ye hence, away,  
Like Rizpah, driving from her dead  
The strong-beaked birds of prey;  
For many a duty still is mine,  
That morbid thoughts alloy,  
And many a blessing that demands  
A strain of grateful joy.  
And I must gather up my strength  
As best the wounded may,  
And gird myself anew, to run  
My desolated way.

There! there! Ye've laid him in the tomb,  
And closed the vaulted door;  
The harsh key grateth in its lock,  
And he returns no more.  
Be kind unto my precious child,  
Ye dead! who there abide,—  
As unsaluting thus he comes,  
To slumber by your side;  
For he was timid from his birth,  
And felt the intruder's fear,  
And from imagined coldness shrank  
With ill-dissembled tear.

Ah! weak and selfish earthly grief!  
Restrain thy tides! Be still!  
When He who lent reclaims his loan,  
Revere the Unerring Will.  
Father! I yield him back to Thee,  
Compassionate, and strong;  
Thou lov'st the souls that Thou hast made,  
Thou wilt not do him wrong.  
Dear Saviour! whose baptismal dew  
His infant temples blest,  
Grant us to meet him at thy feet,  
And share eternal rest.





## ENIGMA.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

Oh, my first is like a fancy,  
Or a fairy whisper mild,  
Floating past your cheek as gently  
As the breathing of a child.  
And my first is like a fury,  
Or a demon on his path,  
Rushing vast athwart the heavens,—  
Thundering down his tones of wrath.

He will kiss you in the morning  
With a fragrant daisy breath;  
He will touch your lips at even,  
And the vapour shall be death.  
He will creep to you at noontide,  
With a whisper and a sigh;  
He will swoop at night and crush you,  
As he roars along the sky.

Oh, my second's tones are gentle  
As the advent of a dream,  
Melting on the heart as softly  
As the snow upon a stream:  
She can lead you with a whisper,  
She can fright you with a frown;  
She is sharper than a thistle,  
She is softer than its down.

She will plague you in your pleasure,  
She will soothe you in your woe;  
She can be your guiding angel,  
She may be your fiercest foe.  
He who takes her to his bosom,  
Welcomes doubt, and care, and strife:  
He who takes her not, had better  
End at once his wretched life.

Lo, a cottage, nestled sleeping  
In a swaying dream of leaves;  
Where the sidelong sun is creeping,  
Inch by inch, across the eaves.  
With my whole a child was playing,  
Looking down the cottage well,  
Laughing out with hearty pleasure,  
As the bucket rose and fell.

Sank the sun, all flushed and weary,  
Like a hero sick of wars;  
Through the cool gray air came peering  
Keenly forth the eager stars.  
By my whole the child still lingered,  
Gazing in the mossy well,  
Where the starlight broke and scattered,  
As the bucket's drippings fell.

# The Blind Steed.

(From the German of Langbein.)

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. C. T. BROOKS.

"WHAT bell-house, yonder, towers in sight  
Above the market-square?  
The wind sweeps through it day and night;  
No gate nor door is there.  
Speaks joy or terror in the tone,  
When neighbours hear the bell?  
And that tall steed of sculptured stone—  
What doth the statue tell?"

"Not the first stranger, friend, art thou,  
That hath such knowledge sought;  
What say our chronicles, shall now  
To thee be freely taught.  
*The Doom-bell of Ingratitude,*  
The precious relic's name;  
Shades of brave sires around it breed,—  
Their memory is its fame.

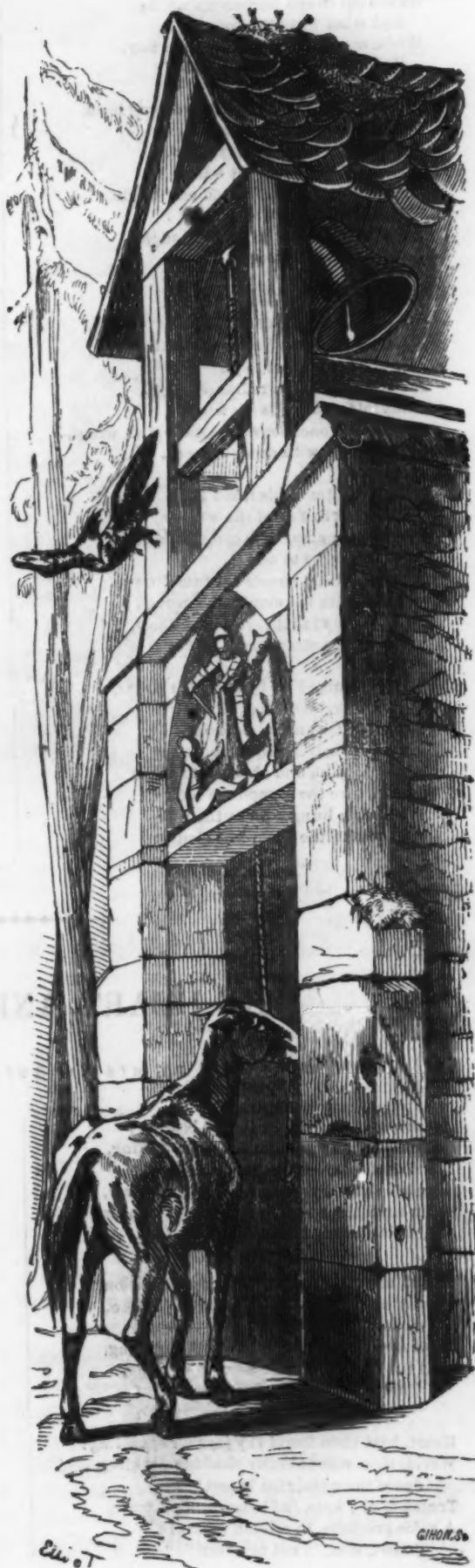
"Ingratitude was, even then,  
An envious world's base meed;  
And so those upright, ancient men  
This warning sign decreed:  
Whoso had felt that serpent's sting,  
To him was given the power  
With his own hand, straightway, to ring  
The doom-bell in the tower.

"Then came the ministers of law  
Together,—though 'twere night,—  
Inquired, examined, heard, and saw,  
Where lay the injured right.  
Unheeding title, rank, or gold,  
Unknowing lord or slave,  
A righteous sentence, free and bold,  
The honest judges gave.

"A hundred years ago, or more,  
A citizen lived here,  
Whose thrifty toil and goodly store  
Were famed both far and near.  
His dress, his cellar, and his sheep  
His wealth might well declare;  
And he was pleased and proud to keep  
A steed of beauty rare.

"Once on a time, as he rode by  
A forest, late at night,  
With tiger-spring and murder-cry,  
Six robbers hove in sight.  
His life, hard pressed before, behind,  
Hung trembling by a hair,  
But his good steed, with speed of wind,  
Soon snatched him from the snare.

"The faithful beast, all white with foam,  
Brought off without a wound  
His grateful lord, who, once at home,  
His horse's praise did sound.  
A vow he made, and, swearing, sealed:  
'Henceforth I'll give my gray  
The best of oats the land can yield,  
Until he turns to clay.'



"But the good beast fell sick at last,  
Grew lame, and stiff, and blind,  
And his forgetful master fast  
Renounced his grateful mind.  
He sought to sell him cheap, oh, fie!  
And what was worst of all,  
When none, at any price, would buy,  
He kicked him from the stall!

"For seven long hours, with drooping head,  
Close to his master's gate,  
Pricking his ears at every tread,  
That patient beast did wait.  
The stars came out, all cold and bright,  
None pitied his bare bone,  
And there he lay, the livelong night,  
Out on the icy stones.

"And when uprose another morn,  
There the poor nag still stood,  
Till driven by hunger's goading thorn  
To stir in quest of food.  
The sun o'er all his radiance flings,  
But midnight veils his head;  
And he who once seemed clothed with wings,  
Now creeps with dubious tread.

"Before each tread his lifted hoof,  
Groped forth to feel the way;  
And, step by step, with certain proof,  
Its soundness to assay.  
Through all the streets he, fumbling so,  
Grazed with his mouth the ground;  
And 'twas a windfall, you may know,  
When some stray straw he found!

"Once, thus urged on by hunger's power,  
All skin and bone, oh, shame!  
The skeleton, at midnight hour,  
Up to the bell-house came.  
He stumbled in, and chanced to grope  
Near where the hemp-rope hangs;  
His gnawing hunger jerks the rope,  
And, hark! the doom-bell clangs!

"The judges hear the midnight cry,  
Straight to the tower repair,  
And lift their wondering hands on high,  
To see such plaintiff there.  
They went not back, with gibe and joke,  
To curse the untimely clang:  
Amazed, they cried,—'Twas God that spoke,  
When the stern doom-bell rang!

"And the rich man is summoned now  
Straight to the market-square;  
Half-waked, he fiercely knits his brow,—  
'You dream! who wants me there?'  
He went defiant; but his mood  
To meekness changed with speed,  
When in the judges' midst he stood,  
Confronted with his steed.

"Know you this beast?" from his high seat  
Thus the chief justice said:  
'But for his fleet and faithful feet,  
Your life long since had fled!  
And what rewards such signal worth?  
Thou spurnest him away:  
Oh, man of ice! the rabble's mirth,  
And gaunt starvation's prey!

"The doom-bell sounded out its call,  
The plaintiff here you see,  
Your crime is manifest to all,  
And so we do decree:  
That you henceforth your faithful steed  
Home to your stable take,  
And, like a Christian, nurse and feed  
Till death, for mercy's sake!

"The mean rich man dumbfounded stood,  
The verdict vexed him sore;  
Yet felt he his ingratitude,  
And took his steed once more.—  
So in the chronicles is traced  
The story, plain and fair;  
And, for a monument they placed  
The stone-hewn statue there."

## THE HEART AND THE WORLD.

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Heart, with thy pulses highly beating;  
World, with thy pageants false as fleeting,  
What concord can ye have?  
Hushed shall thy pulse be, Heart, for ever,  
Soon shall thy reign, proud World, be over,  
Thine an oblivious grave.

Heart, canst thou grasp thy hope's fruition?  
World, dost thou yield the heart's petition,  
Gushing in music's tone?  
None e'er enjoyed his soul's best dreaming,  
Still to the prayer most earnest seeming,  
Thou answerest back a moan.

Heart, hast thou found thy joys all sparkling?  
World, then withhold thy shadows darkling,  
Spare the untainted breast!  
Trump-like, I hear, 'mid scenes of pleasure,  
A voice proclaim, in solemn measure,—  
"Here, soul, is not thy rest!"

Heart, dost thou thirst for kindred union?  
World, well I wist such pure communion,  
Guerdon of thine, is none;  
Soul! for the goal immortal striving,  
Onward! through flames and whirlwinds driving  
Seize thou the victor crown!

Heart, fix on high thy sphere of action;  
World, I condemn thy vague attraction,  
All baseless as the wind;—  
Let me so use my brief probation,  
As to secure in Heaven's duration  
The pinions of the mind.

Heart, guard thy treasures rich and trusting;  
World, crowned with gauds, bemoulded, rusting,  
Hence! with thy specious rays;—  
Soul! up, and strain thy whole endeavour,  
Relax the momentous combat never!—  
Till mortal might decays.





## AMY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"I will a plain, unvarnished tale deliver."

SHAKESPEARE.

"So you have changed your seamstress, I see," said Mrs. Mayhew to her fashionable friend, Mrs. Harris.

"O yes, and you cannot think what a difference it makes in our expenses; you know I paid Chilson half a dollar a day, and she only came at eight and worked till seven."

"That was reasonable, certainly," interrupted Mrs. Mayhew; "I am sure I don't see how any one could well work cheaper."

"You don't; well then, I only pay the girl I have now, two and sixpence, and she works an hour later, and sews beautifully; what do you think of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Harris, triumphantly.

"I think that it is not enough," answered her friend. "Only consider, my dear Mrs. Harris, twelve hours of steady labour, for the

pitiful sum of two and sixpence; surely, it is hardly just!"

"If I pay the girl all she asks, I don't see why it is not just!" replied Mrs. Harris, reddening. "She is a better judge, probably, than either you or I, of what she can, or cannot afford; if she chooses to do my sewing for two and sixpence, I don't know why I should offer her more."

"Poor girl; probably she is afraid to demand the price which is by justice hers, lest, from that grasping and overbearing spirit with which such demands are too often met, she would be refused all employment," said Mrs. Mayhew. "There is a pitiful oppression exercised toward this class of persons, Mrs. Harris; there are those, even among the most wealthy, who will bargain and chaffer with the poor

seamstress, to gain a penny's advantage. What matters it that justice is on the side of the weak, so long as might supports the oppressor? and, therefore, they must either starve, or bend to the yoke."

"That may be the case with some persons, but not with me," replied Mrs. Harris. "No one is further from wishing to grind the poor than I am. I pay to those whom I employ all they ask, and no more; and that, Mrs. Mayhew, I consider to be right. 'Charity begins at home,' and I contend it is every wife's duty to use judgment and economy in the management of her household."

"Very true; but not at the expense of justice and humanity," said Mrs. Mayhew. "'Live and let live,' is an old adage, and one which I wish was imprinted in letters of gold upon every hearthstone. I simply plead for justice, not for charity; and, believe me, if the former were more frequently meted out, there would be less call for the latter! But, allow me to ask what has become of Miss Chilson? she appeared to be a very nice girl."

"Yes, I believe she was, and very faithful," answered Mrs. Harris. "But, somehow, I never exactly liked her—in fact, it is very annoying to see persons in her situation put on so many airs as she did—it is very disagreeable."

"Every person should possess a proper self-respect," said Mrs. Mayhew.

"O yes, certainly; but, sometimes, Chilson had a way with her that was really quite provoking. Now, for instance, one day we had company to dinner, and, only an hour before the time, our waiter took a miff at something, and left the house; of course, it was then too late to procure another, and so I just simply proposed to Chilson to take her place, as it would accommodate me so much."

"Which, I presume, she would not do," said Mrs. Mayhew, smiling.

"Mercy, no indeed! why she looked as indignant as any princess; I always thought it very ungrateful of her. Then, another time, when I was out of a chambermaid, I requested her as a favour to do the work just for one day, and, I declare, if I had not actually demeaned myself to apologize, I believe she would have left the house, and my children's dresses half finished. To be sure, she was quite kind when little John and Anne had the measles, and insisted upon sitting up with them two or three nights."

"And yet you dismissed her, Mrs. Harris, for no other reason than that you found a person who would work for you more reasonably?" said Mrs. Mayhew.

"For that only; but I consider it a duty to save every penny I can, for you know we have

a large family, and our expenses are heavy; and, if I can hire my sewing for less than I have been paying for it, why I ought certainly to take advantage of the opportunity. But, I confess, I was sorry to tell Chilson she need not come any more."

"Did she seem disappointed?" inquired Mrs. Mayhew.

"You never saw any one so agitated as she was at first," replied Mrs. Harris. "And when I paid her what little money I was owing her, and told her I had no further use for her services, the tears stood in her eyes."

"Poor girl! I fear, my dear friend, you have unintentionally done a cruel deed!" said Mrs. Mayhew. "It is a very difficult thing for a poor young girl to obtain a new situation. Men can rough and battle with the world, but with the friendless female it is different. Miss Chilson may have many dear ones—a father—a mother, dependent upon her exertions; even the little mite she earned from you, may have been of vital importance to them, and of which, my dear Mrs. Harris, you have thus thoughtlessly deprived them."

Mrs. Harris was now really angry, and answered accordingly.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mayhew, I did not know that I was accountable to you for my actions; when I am, it will be time enough for you to assume the office of Mentor!"

"I am sorry to have offended you," said Mrs. Mayhew, rising calmly from her seat; "when we meet again I trust all will be forgotten. One thing more; can you tell me where Miss Chilson lives?"

"No; for I never asked her," ungraciously replied Mrs. Harris; "but I believe somewhere in Third Street. I am sorry I cannot relieve your benevolent curiosity!" she added, ironically.

Mrs. Mayhew bowed, and left the house; while Mrs. Harris, in no very comfortable frame of mind, ascended to the nursery.

"How very disagreeable that woman is getting!" she muttered to herself; "I really believe I will cut her acquaintance—she is too much of the Fry school to suit me!"

In one corner of the nursery, a pale, sickly-looking girl sat, bending over her needle, surrounded by three or four noisy, quarrelsome children.

"Heavens, what an uproar!" exclaimed Mrs. Harris as she entered; "be still, all of you—you are enough to craze one! Have you finished the trimming to my cape?" she asked, turning to the sewing girl.

"Not quite, ma'am," she replied, without raising her eyes from her work.

"Not quite! why it is more than an hour



since you began it; you must sew very slowly, I am sure," said Mrs. Harris, snappishly.

The girl made no answer; but a tear rolled slowly down her pale cheek, and dropped upon the delicate silk in her hand. Mrs. Harris immediately observed the stain on the beautiful fabric, though not the cause.

"Why, what is this, Gales? See, you have spotted my cape, you careless creature; what is it? Is it grease, or what?" she exclaimed, angrily.

The colour rose to the cheek of the poor girl as she answered.

"No, ma'am, it is not grease, it is no stain; it is only—only water."

"Only water! Well, I must say, I think it is very careless in you not to put by your work when you drink! Have not you almost finished? for I have an engagement at one o'clock, and have set my heart upon wearing my new silk."

"It will very soon be completed, ma'am," was the reply.

"Ma, she don't sew half so fast as Chilson did," whispered little Fanny; "and has been doing nothing half the time, but just sitting with her handkerchief to her eyes; I don't like her a bit!"

Mrs. Harris turned sharply round:

"I see you are very slow with your needle; my other girl, Chilson, would have done the work in half the time. I don't like eye-servants."

The poor girl sighed heavily.

"I am very sorry that I have not been able to do more this morning. I had a headache when I left home, and it has increased to such a degree, that I fear I must ask permission to return."

Mrs. Harris was somewhat touched by her sad tone and pallid looks.

"Well, I am sorry you are sick, Gales—perhaps you had better go up stairs into the chambermaid's room and lie down a little while—you do look pale. Remember, I never require any one to work for me unless they are able—and, by the way, are you subject to headaches, Gales?"

"I have suffered very much, ma'am, but somehow I believe I am getting used to them," answered the girl with a faint, sickly smile.

"Because," continued Mrs. Harris, "if you are not healthy, why of course I cannot consider my engagement with you binding; I have a great deal of sewing, and cannot afford to hire any one who is constantly putting it by on account of sickness."

Another tear stole down the cheek of the poor seamstress as she meekly folded her work.

"I should be very sorry to lose your patronage, Mrs. Harris," she answered, "and I hope

you will try me a little longer—I will use every exertion to please you. If—if—I could have a room to myself I think I could do better."

"A room to yourself—nonsense—Chilson never thought of such a thing! Pray what objection have you to this?" exclaimed Mrs. Harris.

"I do not wish to complain, but sometimes the noise of the children makes my head whirl and ache very badly."

"That I can't help; if you sew for me, you must get used to the noise—that's all—Chilson did. I cannot have any other room but this littered up with work, and I choose the children to be kept here."

"Very well," said the girl with the same sad smile, "I dare say I shall get used to it. If you please, I think I will go home now—I am very sorry to have disappointed you to-day."

Mrs. Harris deigned no answer, and putting on her bonnet and shawl, the poor, young seamstress wearily threaded the gay, noisy streets to her own wretched abode.

Six months prior to the scenes just related, a small house, located in a quarter of the city densely packed with a hard-working, industrious class of citizens, had been rented by a family of the name of Chilson. The ground-floor of the dwelling was disposed of to a book-binder, only reserving for themselves two small rooms above, and a kitchen in the rear. They were strangers in the neighbourhood; but from the fact that the father of the family was utterly helpless, from a paralysis which had destroyed both mind and body, they excited a lively interest and commiseration.

Mrs. Chilson was evidently an invalid, although she was never heard to complain: if she suffered, it was silently, and with quiet cheerfulness and resignation performed her heavy duties. Amy was the eldest, and had just entered her eighteenth year. Caroline was fourteen, and the little Nina a child of ten summers. Their united labours served to maintain them comfortably from day to day, and to meet the rent, &c., but it was done by constant, unremitting toil, and by using every penny with the most scrupulous economy, so that it was evident, should any untoward circumstance prevent the mutual aid by which their little fund accumulated, it would be severely felt by all.

Their path in life had not always been the humble one through which they now struggled, battling with disease and poverty; for at no very late period, though long enough to have escaped the memory of sunny friends, they



had lived in affluence. But reverses came to them as to thousands of others, happily not always with such disastrous effects; for the sudden loss of his fortune so completely mastered the energies of Mr. Chilson, as brought him in the course of a few months to his present deplorable state—helpless—hopeless—a burthen to himself and family; but far were they from owning the burthen. It was a lovely sight, the devotion of mother and children to that poor, helpless, old man.

Upon Amy the hopes of this little family were placed. She was their support and comfort. Although, as I have said, born in affluence, Amy Chilson now followed the humble occupation of a seamstress. She considered herself fortunate to have obtained the patronage of three ladies of fashion, by whom she was kept constantly employed, and there is no need of saying that, on her part, Amy was faithful and unwearied in her efforts to please. Day after day, beneath the rays of a scorching sun or through drenching rains, did the young girl hie cheerfully to her toil—subjected through the day perhaps to supercilious looks, the sneer, the cutting reproach, the whims and caprices of her lady patronesses. But it was to earn bread for the loved ones at home, and so poor Amy submitted to all with a cheerful, happy spirit, reaping the harvest of contentment even for her own lowly lot, when placed in comparison with the hollow, frivolous scenes to which she was a daily witness. Mrs. Chilson folded books for the honest bookbinder occupying the lower story. It was but little she could earn, it is true, but every little is much to the poor. Caroline embroidered in worsteds, knit comforters, mittens, and children's jackets, while it was little Nina's province to help all, to amuse father, tidy up the room for mother, and assort the gay worsteds for her sister. Busy as a bee then was Nina from morning till night, and her voice, like the song of a young bird, brought gladness to the dwelling.

It was late in the afternoon of a cold, boisterous day in midwinter, one of those days when one appreciates a rest within doors, and a nook in the "ingle side." A cheerful fire was blazing from the grate, while drawn up closely in one corner of the fireplace, a large, old, easy chair supported the helpless frame of Mr. Chilson. At his feet sat little Nina assorting her crewels, and spreading them as she did so over the knees of the old man, who, pleased as an infant at their rainbow shades, toyed and laughed as she playfully waved each skein before his eyes, ere placing it with the others. Seated near the only window in the room, that not a ray of precious daylight might be lost, sat Mrs. Chilson and Caroline, each busily

engaged with their work. No carpet covered the floor—but it was admirably clean, and every little article of furniture—the few chairs, the table, the little bookshelf—were as neat as they could be. In one corner of the room a coarse muslin curtain concealed the bedstead, which turned up to the wall, after a fashion now superseded by the more graceful sofa-bed and other ingenious devices.

"Poor Amy will have a cold walk this bitter evening," said Mrs. Chilson, looking forth as she spoke upon the dreary scene. "See, Caroline, how every one hurries along, as if eager to reach their fireside;—God help those who have none to go to!" And with pious gratitude Mrs. Chilson mentally thanked her Maker for the comforts yet left them.

"I hope I shall soon be able to take Amy's place, mother," said Caroline; "it is hard she should always be the one to encounter such dreadful weather; next year, don't you think next year, mother, I can work for Mrs. Harris as well as Amy?"

"You are a good child!" said Mrs. Chilson, putting back the long golden ringlets, and kissing the fair young brow before her.

"Hark, how the wind blows!" exclaimed little Nina, listening to the gust which now swept around the dwelling. "How I wish we lived in Arch Street now; then dear sister could stay at home. Ah, I can just remember, mother, how, whenever it stormed, you always sent the carriage to bring Amy and Caroline from school."

"Car-riage," mumbled the poor invalid; "car-riage—oh yes, order the car-riage, and tell John to drive care-fully—care-fully—it is warm—very warm for the poor horses."

"Poor dear father!" sighed Caroline, "he little knows how hard his darling Amy toils for us; ah, she is coming,—yes, there she is just turning the corner: why how slow she walks!"

"The wind is very strong, and directly in her face, poor girl!" said Mrs. Chilson.

Nina in the meanwhile sprang from her seat, and ran fleetly down the stairs, to open the hall door for her sister.

Slowly, slowly Amy toiled up the narrow staircase, for grief made her footsteps heavy, and with a pale, sad countenance she entered the little chamber.

"Now God help us, dear mother!" she cried, falling on her mother's neck, and bursting into tears.

"Amy, my child, my darling, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Chilson.

"Sweet sister, dear Amy, what is it,—what has happened?" cried Caroline, hanging fondly over her, while little Nina, falling on her knees, threw her arms around both mother and sister,



sobbing as if her dear little heart would break.

"Amy, tell me, I beseech you, what it is distresses you; has any one dared to insult my poor child?" cried Mrs. Chilson.

"Oh no, thank God not that, dear mother!" answered Amy, unloosing her arms from her mother's neck, and looking sadly in her face; "but I know not what is to become of us, nor where I shall find work for to-morrow, for, alas, dear mother, Mrs. Harris has told me I need not come to her again."

"Amy!"

"It is so, mother; and on calling at Mrs. Frisbie's and Mrs. Dunn's, I find through Mrs. Harris's recommendation they also have engaged another person to work for them."

"My poor children," said Mrs. Chilson, regarding the weeping group; "and what reason have they for dismissing you, Amy?"

"They give none, and I know of none, unless they may have found some one whom they can employ cheaper; but I should not mind it so much if I knew of any other situation where I might at once obtain employment, for I fear, dear mother, ere I am able to secure another situation, you will suffer for my little earnings."

"'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' my love," answered Mrs. Chilson, kissing her. "Let us not forget that others must live as well as ourselves, and perhaps some one even more needy has obtained Mrs. Harris's patronage; let this thought reconcile us to a misfortune so unlooked for; we will place our

trust in God, and look forward with hope to the future."

"Dear mother, you are always so cheerful and so resigned," said Amy, "that it is a reproach for your children to give way one moment to despondency in your presence. Come, dear Caroline, dry your eyes, and you too, darling Nina, let us follow our mother's noble example,—yes, we *will* look to the future with hope. And now, girls, let us get the supper ready, and then we will calmly consider what is best to be done in this emergency."

"Yes, sup-per, have sup-per," slowly articulated the old man; "we'll have oys-ters, Mrs. Chilson, and cham-pagne: John, bring in glass-es, wee'll have a glo-ri-ous supper!"

Amy bent over her poor old father, and kissed his cheek, tenderly smoothing his long silver hair.

"Thank God!" she whispered to Caroline, "our poor dear father does not realize our troubles."

When their frugal meal was prepared, Amy, kneeling on a low footstool by the side of her decrepit parent, fed him as tenderly as she would have done a babe, and then in a low, sweet voice sang a pleasing lullaby, which soon closed the eyes of the weary old man in sleep.

The evening was passed in forming hopes and plans for the future, which the morning was doomed to dissipate.

For weeks poor Amy vainly sought employment,—occasionally the sympathizing neighbours favoured her with some trifling work, but this was at best precarious. Mrs. Chilson, too, became suddenly ill—the father was daily growing more querulous and exacting—their little money was gone—and with rigid economy their small stock of fuel and groceries was rapidly diminishing. What wonder that poor Amy almost despaired—for she saw only poverty and wretchedness impending over those she loved.

Such was one result of Mrs. Harris's policy.

After an absence of six years, Leonard Darlington returned from India. During this long separation from country and friends, he had accumulated a handsome fortune, and had now come home, as he expressly declared, to look out for a wife, and settle down into the sober state of matrimony.

He was not yet six-and-twenty, fine-looking, graceful in his manners, and agreeable in conversation. But what was far better, he added to these outward gifts a noble, generous heart, and fine talents, highly improved by education and travel.

The morning after his return, Leonard strolled into his sister's apartment, and throw-

ing himself carelessly upon the lounge, proceeded to make inquiries about those of their friends with whom he was most intimate ere he went abroad.

"The Nixons, Ida, what has become of them?"

"Oh, they are immensely rich, and are living in splendid style. Cornelia—you remember Cornelia?—she is a sweet girl, I assure you, and quite a belle."

"Time does work wonders then!" answered her brother, laughing, "for I only recollect her as a little, freckled, awkward school-girl, with great gray eyes. Well, the Cassidys and the Derwents?"

"Very dashing, fashionable people, I assure you, Leonard," replied Ida. "To be sure, Mr. Cassidy failed a year or two since, and everybody thought they would go down, but it made no difference at all in their style;—they did, I believe, give up their carriage for a month or two, but they now sport one of the most elegant equipages in Chestnut Street."

"The Chilsons, Ida,—are they still living in Arch Street?" inquired Leonard.

"Oh no; their glory has departed, Leonard; indeed I know nothing about them. Mr. Chilson failed ever so many years ago,—just after you went away, I believe,—and they lived so shabbily, that of course ma could not think of visiting; afterwards I heard Mr. Chilson had a fit or something of the kind, and then they moved off I don't know where."

"You surprise me," said her brother, "when you and Amy were such intimate friends—surely the loss of property could not have affected your friendship!"

"Why you know, Leonard, people of our style cannot visit everybody;—Amy was a dear girl, and I am sure I almost cried my eyes out at first, because mamma would not let me visit her any longer; but I suppose it is all right; we must do as the rest of the world do."

"No, it is not right, Ida," answered her brother; "and who or what constitutes the world you speak of? A few people who live in fine houses, and ride in fine coaches! Fie, Ida; if upon such you pin your faith, if of such is your world, then break from its trammels at once and for ever, dear sister; such servility is unworthy of you."

"Nonsense; how you talk, Leonard!" exclaimed Ida. "What queer notions you have picked up—as odd as the people you have been among. Recollect, Mr. Leonard Darlington, we are ranked among the *élite* of the city, and to extend our acquaintance to bankrupts and beggars, would be folly."

"Ida, my dear sister, if you are, as you say, among the *élite*, which, I suppose, means the most fashionable, then set a noble example,



and welcome the good and virtuous to your circle alike, whether they come in ermined robe, or in the homely guise of poverty."

"Ridiculous, Leonard!" said Ida, turning pettishly away from him.

"And listen, Ida," continued her brother; "suppose you in turn should become poor, do you think *your* world would longer recognise Ida Darlington, the belle of W— Square? No, Ida, you would be forgotten in a week, and your dearest friends would pass you unrecognised, or with a condescending bow, more cutting than their neglect!"

"You talk so strangely," answered Ida; "as if *we* could ever become poor! and if we did, I am sure the loss of wealth could never alter *our* position in society!"

Leonard smiled: "Well, dear sister, I trust you may never be made to acknowledge the fallacy of your present belief! Poor Amy Chilson! Then you can tell me nothing of her?"

"Nothing, Leonard; why you look as forlorn as Don Quixote. Ah, I had forgotten your boyish *penchant*; now I remember, you used to call her your little wife. And so six years of absence has not obliterated the impression the soft blue eyes of Amy made upon your heart! Heigho, poor Leonard! But come with me, I will introduce you to Cornelia Nixon; in her brilliant smiles you will soon forget your old flame; come, Leonard."

"Ida, I will not rest until I find out what has become of Amy Chilson," replied her brother; "and if I find her all I expect, and her heart free, it will go hard but my youthful dream shall be realized. However, I have no objections to renewing my acquaintance with Miss Nixon. Ah, sister," he continued, kissing Ida's rosy cheek, "the world has almost spoiled you; this little heart must beat more healthfully ere we part again."

The reader will recollect Mrs. Mayhew, and the interest she expressed for Miss Chilson. She had been in the habit of seeing her occasionally at Mrs. Harris's, when invited by that lady to the nursery, either to pass maternal criticism upon the swollen gums of "baby," or to examine the "love of a silk or cashmere," just sent home from Levy's. At these times she had been much struck by the modest and ladylike deportment of the young seamstress, and, upon learning her sudden dismissal from Mrs. Harris's, felt deeply interested for her. She resolved to find her, that if, as she feared, the selfishness of Mrs. Harris had been a cause of misfortune to the young girl, she might herself repair the evil.

Upon calling at Mrs. Frisbie's and Dunn's

to ascertain the address of Amy, they professed the same ignorance as Mrs. Harris. So long as the needle plied faithfully, what interest had they in the machine by which it was wielded! Mrs. Mayhew, however, continued every possible measure she could devise to discover Amy's abode, but her efforts proved vain; when it happened one morning that her youngest child was seized with a sudden illness, which in a few moments brought the family physician to the bedside.

After administering proper remedies to the child, the Doctor sat down, and, turning to Mrs. Mayhew, said:

"I have met with a very singular adventure, and found an old friend under the most painful circumstances. Last evening I was called in great haste to attend a person whom the messenger reported to be, as he feared, in the agonies of death. I lost no time; my gig was fortunately at the door, and, bidding the man get in with me, I drove as fast as possible to the house of the sick person, and hastened up the gloomy stairway, and into the room my conductor pointed out. Upon a low bed lay a woman, apparently nearly exhausted by a violent hemorrhage of the lungs. The blood was still oozing from her mouth and nostrils, and a cold, clammy sweat already bedewed her death-pale countenance. At the head of the bed sat a beautiful little girl, propping the pillow which supported her mother; while, kneeling on the floor, a young girl, with a face almost as deathly as the one over which she was bending, gently wiped the blood as it gushed forth, and tenderly chafed the brow and temples of the suffering woman. Never shall I forget her look of agony as she read the doubt which sat upon my countenance. I bade her take courage, that I yet hoped to save her mother. I soon stopped the bleeding, and applied proper restoratives to the almost inanimate form. Her pulse gradually strengthened, her breathing became more regular, and in a short time I had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes. There was something in her countenance which struck me from the first as being familiar. I could not help thinking I had seen it before; but when or where I could not remember. It appeared to me, also, that as the poor sick lady languidly opened her eyes, there was a ray of recognition as they met mine. The young girl beckoned me into an adjoining room, where another harrowing sight awaited me. An old man lay stretched upon the bed, as cold and senseless as the clods which must soon cover him. His eyes were open, but the film of death already hid the world from their sight. Painful was the heavy, laboured breathing which alone told he yet lived. Another fair girl, whom I had not seen before, sat by

the bedside, and held one hand of the dying man clasped in hers.

"Tell me, tell me, Doctor, will she live—will our dear mother live?" whispered the lovely girl whom I had first seen, catching my arm, and looking up, breathlessly, into my face.

"I cannot answer for the event, my dear young lady," I replied; "yet, I assure you, from her present symptoms, I think I may safely bid you hope."

"Thank God!" exclaimed both sisters.

"I then inquired how long their mother had been ill.

"For many weeks," answered the elder; "she has not been confined all the time to her bed, but has suffered greatly from debility and a heavy cough. We are too poor, as you see," she added, glancing around the scantily furnished apartment, while a slight colour mantled her pale face, "to call in medical aid, when it is possible to dispense with it, and, therefore, our dear mother has been gradually getting weaker and weaker!" A tear rolled down her cheek as she drew me to the bedside of the old man. "Look; our poor father has been for years but little better than you now see him—scarcely conscious of existence. About two hours since, I was preparing to go out for a few moments; my father was sitting, as usual, in his chair, and my dear mother had just thrown herself on the bed. I think my poor father must have had another fit, for he suddenly became convulsed, and fell forward upon the floor. My mother screamed, and sprang from the bed; but, alas, ruptured a blood-vessel in the attempt. The fright and exertion was too much for her, and she sank into the dying state in which you found her."

"The poor girl could no longer suppress her tears, and, for a few moments, wept unrestrainedly. I told the unhappy young girls that their father would not, probably, survive until morning; and, recommending such measures as I deemed judicious, returned into the other room. As I approached the bedside of my patient, she opened her eyes, and made an effort to speak. Placing my finger on my lips, I entreated her not to make the exertion. She then smiled faintly, and extended her hand. Now the truth suddenly flashed upon me:

"You are Mrs. Chilson!" I exclaimed, clasping her feeble hand in mine."

"Chilson—did you say Chilson?" eagerly demanded Mrs. Mayhew, for the first time interrupting the narrative.

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Mayhew. It is indeed too true; in that suffering family I recognised that of the once wealthy Richard Chilson."

The Doctor paused a moment to subdue his emotion, and then continued.

"In their days of prosperity I was their friend and physician, and now found myself again singularly brought to the bedside of the once beautiful Mrs. Chilson. But how great the contrast! When last I stood by her sick couch every luxury and comfort surrounded her, all the delicacies which wealth could furnish to tempt the appetite, the soothing kindness of friends, the most experienced and careful nurses—and now— But I cannot go on; you should witness their present misery to feel the force of what I would say! But to return. After a while, finding I had known them in their prosperous days, the young girls freely related their sad history. It seems the chief support of the family was dependent upon the eldest daughter—a beautiful, charming girl, Mrs. Mayhew—who for some time has followed the profession of a seamstress. A month or two since she was suddenly thrown out of work, and"—

"O, I know all the rest!" cried Mrs. Mayhew, bursting into tears. "Poor, poor girl! thank God, I have at last found her!"

She then related to the sympathizing Doctor those events with which the reader is already acquainted. "And now, dear Doctor," she continued, "take me there at once—let us not lose a moment in going to the relief of this unhappy family!"

"God bless you, my dear woman!" exclaimed the Doctor, his honest countenance glowing with pleasure; "God bless you!—you will cheat me of my prerogative of doing good if I don't take care!"

Let us now give a brief space to Mrs. Harris.

On the same evening when poor Amy Chilson was bending almost heart-broken over her suffering parent, she was dressing to attend a brilliant party given by the fashionable Mrs. Harris. For more than a week the successor of Amy had been unremittingly tasked, in preparing the elegant costume in which Mrs. Harris chose to shine for that night, "and that night only." Another *chef-d'œuvre* of this politic lady, was to put into the hands of her hired seamstress all the fine and difficult work, the embroidery, flouncing, and furbelowing, and the endless trimmings usually left to the expert dress-maker or milliner. But such a course saved her many a dollar, which she felt free, therefore, to expend upon some new and costly article of dress, in turn to be made up in the same cheap manner.

Patient and uncomplaining poor Lydia Gales sat at her task, but the fingers of the needle-slave moved slowly, for her strength was nearly exhausted, and a headache, as merciless as her employer tormented her. Now and then



she raised her eyes timidly, and with a look of dread to the time-piece, for it only wanted half an hour to the time when the dress would be required, and, alas! there was yet much to be done to the beautiful robe, ere it could adorn the *well-made* figure of Mrs. Harris.

That lady, enveloped in a costly *négligée*, was under the hands of her hair-dresser, listening to choice bits of scandal, and trying to look grave at the gross flattery of her maid, whose chief business seemed to be in throwing herself into every possible attitude expressive of her admiration, like a dancing Jack set in motion by a string. Mrs. Harris, however, was not so absorbed as to forget her robe, and now and then broke out with,

"Pray, Gales, have not you almost finished? Do make haste! I never saw any one so tedious—there, as I live, you are placing that flower upside down!"

She might have seen that tears were blinding the eyes of poor Lydia, who, making no reply, meekly corrected her mistake. The obsequious hair-dresser gave the finishing touch, and taking a last look as he made his exit, pronounced the head "*magnifique*," and the maid, giving a tragedy start, protested her mistress could not be more than sixteen.

But Mrs. Harris was growing impatient—it was getting late, so she hurried and scolded unmercifully, which, of course, only served to procrastinate. At length, however, the dress was pronounced finished, and so indeed was the poor seamstress; for, as she withdrew the last basting-thread, she fainted and fell to the floor, unfortunately crushing, as she did so, a splendid *bouquet*, which, at the price of five dollars had just been sent in from the florist's. Of course there was a great outcry in the dressing-room, shrill screams, and cries for hartshorn and cologne, and when, at length, the poor girl was restored to consciousness, her awakening senses were greeted with "Dear me, what a fright I have made of myself! and look at my dress! I declare the trimming is quite rumbled! So you have come to," continued Mrs. Harris, looking over one shoulder at Lydia. "Well, Gales, I may as well tell you, you need not come to me any more; I cannot have my nerves so dreadfully shattered—why it would kill me in a week, I have so much sensibility. Here is a *levy* for you; it is all I have convenient—there, you may go now; to-morrow you can call for the rest of your money. I hope you will get better, Gales, but you look dreadfully sick, and you must see the absurdity of my employing anybody who is too feeble to work. I told you so, you remember, when you first came to me, so you see you have no one to blame but yourself; you ought to exert yourself more—there, good night,

Gales." And, turning to her mirror, Mrs. Harris coolly adjusted her ringlets, and admired the exquisite lace which draped her shoulders.

The poor girl staggered to the door, and was forced to lean for support against the banisters for some moments, ere she could trust herself to descend the stairs.

O, Mrs. Harris, could you have followed the tottering frame of that wretched girl to her miserable shelter—could you have entered with her into that low, damp cellar, where scarce a ray of sunshine ever breaks the desolate gloom—have listened to the cries of starving, ragged children for "Bread, bread!"—would not the blush of shame have outrivalled the *rouge* upon your cheek?

In one corner of this squalid abode sat a man, whose red and bloated countenance told too plainly the tale of his degradation—before him stood a small riband-loom, but the shuttle was idle, for the arms of the man hung sluggishly down, his head resting on his breast, while his heavy and muttered breathing showed him to be sleeping. In another corner a pale, haggard woman, her hair falling matted and tangled from a dirty, torn cap, and her features ghastly with want and poverty, was striving to soothe the feeble wailing of a miserable little infant, which she held to her bosom.

Poor Lydia! What though her temples throb until the swollen veins seem bursting, and her trembling limbs can scarce bear her o'er the threshold, yet there is work, work to be done! No time for sickness have the poor—work—work—work; though the brain may whirl, and the heart sink, and the strained eyeballs fain court the darkness of the grave, yet hand and foot must to the task—work, work, or—starve!

The step of Lydia, feeble as it was, aroused the sleeper. With a look of greedy joy he arose and staggered towards her.

"The money, the money, girl!" wrenching the work-bag from her hand, and eagerly rifling the little change it contained. "What, is this all?—curses on you!—now finish that job quick," jerking his head toward the loom; "quick, do you hear, it must go in in the morning." And then, with savage brutality thrusting aside a little child, who, clinging to his knees, begged for something to eat, the miserable wretch slammed to the door, to spend at the next grocer's stand the little earnings of his *child*!

And there is no work for the morrow—there is no work for the day after—a week, and still no work—no employment. Alas poor Lydia! Who shall dare to judge thee?—Who shall dare to scorn thee, that, to save thy mother



and those helpless babes, thou hast parted with thine only jewel—thy *innocence*—

“The good name,—the virgin’s pure renown—  
Woman’s white robe, and honour’s starry crown,  
Lost, lost for ever!”

Better would it have been for thee, poor girl, to have died!

Such was the second result of Mrs. Harris’s selfish policy. And would this were no common case. Yet could the secrets of all hearts be read, might not many of those whose sickly beat is beneath the gauds of vice and shame, betray that the hand of selfishness—the pitiful desire to make the most of a bargain—the power which wealth must ever possess over the needy and destitute, has thrust them thus piteously forth to live and die *outcast and degraded*!

Think of this, ye favoured sons and daughters of affluence, and deal mercifully and gently with the poor.

It is pleasant to look upon a brighter side of human nature than the last gloomy picture.

Under the unremitting and skilful care of Dr. M——, and the kindness of Mrs. Mayhew, which brought comforts and luxuries to the sick couch, to which the poor invalid had long been a stranger, Mrs. Chilson was soon able to be removed to a pleasant little dwelling hired by the good physician, and a nice Irish girl employed to assist in the work of the family. Caroline and Nina were placed at school, while the patronage of Mrs. Mayhew soon supplied Amy with constant employment, such, too, as she could do at home, without being forced to leave her mother, who was still in very delicate health.

One morning having finished a piece of work for which she knew Mrs. Mayhew was in a hurry, Amy put on her bonnet and carried it to her residence, which was only a few steps from her own. As she went through the hall, she met a gentleman apparently just leaving the house, who, as he passed the unassuming girl, politely raised his hat. Their eyes met, and, without knowing why, both parties involuntarily bowed;—although strangers, the thought for an instant glanced through the minds of each—“*we have met before!*”

“Strange!” exclaimed Leonard Darlington, as he walked slowly down the street, “strange, how the countenance of that sweet girl perplexes me. I am sure I must have seen it before, but where I cannot remember,—heigh-ho!—only in my dreams, I fear.”

“Why, Leonard, I have waited for you this half hour!” cried his pretty sister Ida, meeting him. “Do you forget, truant, that you en-

gaged yourself to Cornelia and me for the morning? Fie, what an ungallant lover!”

“Pray, sister,” retorted Leonard somewhat impatiently, “don’t apply the title of lover to me quite yet, if you please. I have told you often that my heart can never belong to Miss Nixon,—but ah, Ida, such a sweet vision as just now met my eyes!—would that I could trace it!”

“And where, my very sensitive brother, did this same vision cross your path?” demanded Ida.

“In the vestibule at Mrs. Mayhew’s. She was not a visiter, I should judge. I might perhaps, from her simple attire, conclude her to be some humble relative of the family.”

“*Ha ha!* poor Leonard!—now I’ll bet you your wedding gloves that you have lost your heart to Mrs. Mayhew’s pretty chambermaid, or her dressmaker;—fickle, fickle fellow! And what becomes, pray, of your six years’ fealty to poor Amy Chilson?” interrupted Ida, laughing merrily.

“*Amy Chilson!*” mused Leonard; “*Amy*—By heavens! her very eye; but no, it cannot be—yet how strangely her countenance brings up before me the beautiful features of Amy.”

The same evening Leonard presented himself before Mrs. Mayhew, not a little to the surprise of the lady, for only that morning he had offered as an apology for not accepting some invitation she had for him, a previous engagement to the opera.

Leonard soon introduced the subject which brought him there by observing:

“As I left your house this morning, my dear madam, I passed a young lady in the hall whose countenance greatly interested me, and my desire to discover who she was, is the only apology I have to give for my apparent fickleness of purpose.”

“This morning, Mr. Darlington? I believe I have had no visitors to-day but Miss Cassidy; you are acquainted with her, I think?”

“Oh no, it was not Miss Cassidy by any means,” said Leonard, smiling. “The young lady I allude to was dressed in very simple mourning, and if I mistake not, she had a small paper parcel—”

“Oh, now I think I know—yes, she has a very sweet countenance indeed,—I don’t wonder it struck you,” cried Mrs. Mayhew.

“But who—who is she?” impatiently demanded her visiter.

“It is Miss Chilson—Amy Chilson—a young lady who—”

Leonard waited to hear no further, but springing from the sofa, he seized the hand of Mrs. Mayhew, pressing and kissing it, as though the dainty little digits of Amy were already within his clasp.

"My dear, dear lady, you have made me the happiest of men!" he exclaimed. "You have restored to me her whom for months I have vainly sought;—where is she,—where may I find her, Mrs. Mayhew?"

"Not a thousand miles off!" she replied, smiling; "only up one flight of stairs—as the young lady happens at the present moment to be engaged in a game of romps with little Miss Lilla and Master Harry,—you shall see her presently; only restrain your impatience, and hear me for a moment."

She then gave Leonard a brief sketch of her acquaintance with the Chilsons, to which you may be sure he listened with breathless interest.

We will not trace the path of our young heroine further—we found her in poverty, and we leave her in a state of affluence, which, as the wife of Leonard Darlington, she honours and adorns. With her, her mother and sisters find a happy home, and it is needless to say that she who could make so dutiful a child, cannot fail of being an exemplary wife.

As for Mrs. Harris, she was the first to call upon the once despised "*Chilson*." But Amy shrank from her with abhorrence. Whenever she meets her, the memory of that bitter night when she was turned hopeless from her door—the image of that poor old man—of that suffering mother—come up before her, and she turns faint and shuddering away.

Let us hope, however, there are not many of my fair countrywomen who resemble Mrs. Harris in heart, although there may be those who are thoughtlessly pursuing the same destructive course, who sincerely think they are not only doing their duty to their families, but really take credit to themselves for the cheap rates which they pay the poor seamstress. This is not because they are hard-hearted, or would willingly impose upon those whom they employ—it is want of consideration—culpable, I allow, but not irreparable. There is room for a better state of things; and may the day soon come when the truth of Hood's touching appeal may no longer ring upon the conscience.

## ALONE.

BY J. B. DURAND.

ALONE, alone in a forest glade,  
Where the brave old trees cast a leafy shade,  
And where no sound on the balmy air  
Tells of the din in a world of care.  
Yet not alone! There are forms around  
That dance on the boughs, and chequer the ground;  
No, not alone, for Beauty is here,  
With joy for the eye, and song for the ear.  
The streamlet is murmuring in its glee,  
Seeking its home in the far-off sea,  
And the listener's heart in its depths is stirred  
At the joyous note of the singing bird;  
And the distant horn, and the tinkling bell,  
With soothing melody reach the dell.  
There's a dancing of leaves on every spray,  
And a flitting of birds in plumage gay,  
And the wild-bees' hum, and the zephyr's note  
Upon the ear with a sweetness float.  
There's a blushing of flowers on bough and mound,  
While sunbeams play in the vista round.  
Oh! who could call it a lonely scene,  
With its wealth of song, and its dress of green?  
I feel it no solitude lingering here,  
Though Nature's the only companion near.

Alone, alone in the twilight gray,  
Afar from the social hall away,  
Where the flowers are closed with dews empearled,  
And the shadows of evening shroud the world.  
Yet not alone! O'er the dusky earth  
There are things of love and music forth;  
And the voices of night are whispering near,  
That fall with joy on the listening ear.  
Hark! in the shadows misty and dim,  
Nature is chiming her vesper hymn.  
The wind-song has died to a murmur low,

And the playing brook has a gentle flow,—  
On the dewy air its tones are borne  
With the night-bird's note from the distant thorn.  
And look to the sky! in its changing shade  
What a change one brief-told hour has made!  
For the glorious stars, from their far-off home,  
Have taken their watch in the night's blue dome,  
And now o'er the couch of the sleeping earth  
Are showering the shining treasures forth.  
What though far from the festive throng,  
Where light feet trip to the wildering song,  
Companionship greets me along my way,  
And unseen harps in the mists are at play.  
I feel not alone; for the radiant sky  
Beams with a joy on the gazer's eye,  
And a whispered hymn from the mantled earth  
Calls slumbering bliss from the spirit forth.

Alone, alone at the midnight hour,  
When silence broods with a holy power  
O'er the watcher's heart, as he treads the hall,  
Where no sounds save the hollow echoes fall.  
Yet not alone! For while I stand,  
Memory weaves, with a shadowy wand,  
A spell for the heart, a dreamy spell,  
Tales of the misty past to tell.  
Yes, they come in a noiseless throng,  
Things that have slept in the memory long,  
And the fancies of childhood, waking, seem  
As fresh as when formed by the summer stream.  
And the boyish hope, and the warbled tone  
Of the little maid that I called my own,  
Come back to my heart with a kindling power,  
And chase the gloom from the midnight hour.  
Oh! I feel it no solitude lingering here,  
Though my thoughts are the only companions near.

## A MORNING AT WEST POINT.

BY AMY LOTHROP.

A SHORT ride in the cars, a sail across the river, and a beautiful up-hill drive, brought us to Mr. Ryder's hotel one morning in time for a late breakfast. We were so unromantic as to have good appetites, and so thoughtless as to spend a long time in satisfying them. I say thoughtless, not because I advocate fast eating in general, but because our stay at the Point was to be a short one, and we wished to see everything, and "the lions of West Point" are numerous.

"Let us go and see the cadets ride, first of all," said Florence, "the Newtons went every day while they were here, at eleven o'clock, and they say it's perfectly lovely." The proposal was immediately adopted, and we all scattered, each one exhorting the others to make haste.

But there is no hurrying some people, and one or two of our party tarried so long at the toilet, that of course we were late,—ladies always are, if one may believe gentlemen,—and though we intended to walk very fast, it was no easy matter to accomplish. We were so glad there had been no drought, and the weather was so fine, and it was so hard to take our eyes from the plain, and the flag, and the mountains—(I confess mine were fairly entranced)—that when we reached the exercise hall the groups of people outside the windows, and the quick passing horses' heads within, warned us that the riding had begun.

"We shall not get in!" was on every one's tongue, but at the moment a dragoon opened the door, and we entered.

All I took in at first was, that two strings of mounted horses were passing rapidly round the hall; that the quick beat of their feet, the smell of the tan-strewed floor, and a certain metallic clang which resounded through the apartment, formed a combination somewhat confusing to my nerves; and that at the far end of the ellipsis there was a place of bonnets, and shawls, and safety, could I but reach it.

One string of horses had just passed, but I in my wisdom looked to the right hand, as well as the left, and there came the second string, headed by a new figure in heraldry—a

cadet and horse rampant, bearing down upon us sabre in hand. Don't anybody laugh,—horses do look remarkably large in doors, and cadets remarkably fierce with drawn sabres at the shoulder, and black straps under the chin.

Well, we waited to see the last horse whisk his tail, and then set out on a trial of speed,—not gracefully I presume, hurriedly I know. But we might as well have been graceful, for we could but reach the partition before tramp, tramp, they were upon us again, and once more I stood still while they clattered by. It was enough to make one think of the old legend of "The Wild Night Huntsman."

"Now you can go," said my companion, and a few steps brought me within the barricade—a slight one to be sure, but better than nothing, and where I had time to look about me.

In the place where I stood there was a sprinkling of cadets and officers,—

*"Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and gray,"—*

just enough to amuse any ladies who might tire of the riding; the rest of the spectators were "them things, sir, that do wear caps and aprons"—some sitting, some standing, some mounted on benches, so as to be more on a level with the aforesaid cadets rampant. The caps and aprons themselves were sometimes wanting, sometimes to be seen in new varieties. For instance,—a silk apron with long silk shoulder-straps, unmodified by shawl, cape, or scarf, and overshadowed by a flat, has to say the least a striking appearance, when coupled with those years which we term, "of discretion."

In front of this assemblage of sense and nonsense was a long oval, from end to end of which stretched two rows of pillars. Outside of these went the horses, and in the central space there stood two gentlemen.

"That left hand one is Mr. B—," said an officer to me; "he has just come back from his furlough, and has not yet donned his uniform."

"And why does he stand there?"

"I don't know, unless to display his *mus-tache*."



There seemed some plausibility in this notion; for Mr. B—— stood looking our way in the most complacent manner, and for no perceptible reason.

And now the trot was changed to a gallop, and the orders to "take" or "loose" stirrups, were obeyed without any diminution of speed. The tan flew from the horses' hoofs to our faces, and in the full bright eye of each animal that passed (each *quadruped* of course), I read no guarantee that he would not take a flying-leap over my head the next time he came round. On they went, without stirrups, and so fast that the inclination to the centre was often considerable in both steed and rider; bright sabres in hand, and the long scabbards jingling and clattering a most suitable accompaniment.

"Do they never get thrown?" I asked instinctively.

"O yes, often; but they are seldom much hurt. A day or two's medical treatment generally cures them."

"Black Hawk is a little restive to-day," added my friend presently, and pointing to a dark horse not in the line, on whose back sat cadet officer; "he don't like that sabre-sheath. Poor fellow! he has been curbed pretty well!—see, his mouth is bleeding." And as the fine creature threw back his head in uneasiness at the powerful bit, I perceived that the open mouth was indeed of a deeper red than it should be. I was glad to hear "Halt!" "Sheath sabres!" and "Dismount!"

Am I ill-natured?—it certainly did seem to me that there was some attitudinizing when the cadets were once more on their feet,—or it may have been that their dress made them necessarily picturesque, stand as they would. I will let the reader judge; but his imagination must furnish the high, Mexican saddles, the gray riding-jackets, and white pantaloons,—my sketch would be nothing without them.

One cadet was most affectionately patting his horse on the head and shoulder; another stood half reclining, with his arm thrown over the neck of his steed, cap off, and hair brushed back, both horse and man facing the spectators. A third had confidently let go the bridle, and was now endeavouring, by dint of eloquence, to make the emancipated charger come to his extended hand. But moral suasion failed for once,—the horse was a true American, and though he didn't run away, he scorned to surrender. Mahomet was forced to go to the mountain.

Some time was given them to rest, and then came the remounting, without the aid of stirrups. There seemed to be a preparatory order and motion, and at the next word every cadet but one was in his saddle. He failed; and I

was amused at the flushed and somewhat furious look which he gave the spectators, as he led his horse out of the line to make a second attempt. The riding went on as before, with one or two variations, *à-la-March* cotillion, and then the two lines drew up to go through with what they call "the sabre exercise."

The instructor, Lieutenant H——, who, during the riding had remained almost motionless in the centre of the hall, now rode slowly among the cadets to criticise their performance. To describe it well, would require much more knowledge of the words and motions than I can pretend to.

Once in a while I could understand an order, as "the point a yard from your horse's head, at the height of a man's neck from the ground."

Very comprehensible that!

Then there was another manoeuvre, in which the hand being raised in front of the face, both heads and sabre-points were turned towards us—the inoffending spectators; the cadets-rampant being transformed into cadets gardant (heraldic truth compels me to reject the more descriptive term of *regardant*), and it was hard to tell whether eyes or sabres were the most conspicuous. I had much ado to keep my countenance.

After this the performers twirled the sabres over their horses' heads, and over their own (with an occasional admonition to "take care" of the former); and it was interesting to note the different adroitness and limberness of different hands and wrists.

Meantime some ladies were retiring—in other words, walking off in sight of everybody—and a cadet would come back in great haste for some forgotten shawl, or with a message to some left-behind friend.

N. B. Men should never run.

Or, as that might be a hard maxim to follow when a lady is in one place and her scarf in another, suppose it be adopted that people should never look at them when they run.

But the running ended, and so did the sabre exercise. The cadets dismounted, the dragoons came forward to take the horses; and while the riders "fell in," we walked out, flushed with excitement and the heat of the room, and felt the sweet, cool air, playing about our faces, and a good degree of satisfaction playing about our hearts.

People sometimes attain ends which they never aimed at; and I fear I may have made that ludicrous on paper, which in reality was but amusing. If so, my apologies are due to all the horsemen herein mentioned; for they did ride remarkably well—for beginners, and "stuck on" to admiration.



THE DREAM.—BY MRS. HORSFORD.

SHE slept—but not the gentle sleep  
That closes childhood's eye;  
And not the slumber that in youth  
Subdues the pulses high.  
All day the surf had swept the shore  
With hoarse, unbroken chime,  
And now its midnight murmurings  
With her young heart's kept time.

In dreams she lived the sorrows o'er  
That paled her cheek's warm glow;  
In dreams she met neglect and scorn,  
Reproach and want and woe:  
In dreams she cried, "My Father, aid  
A wrestler with despair!  
Thy discipline is dark and stern;  
I faint with grief and care."

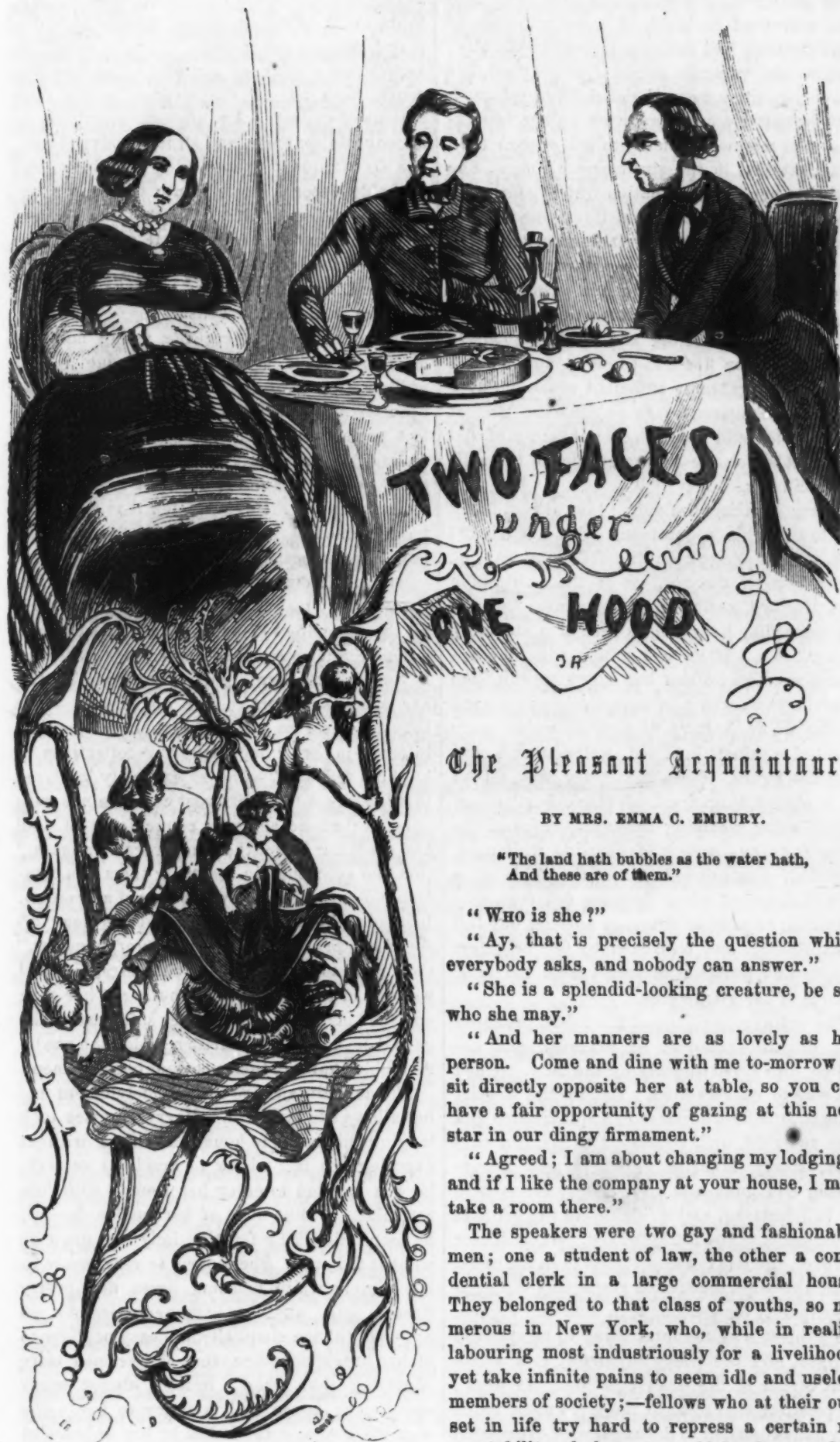
Tears fell like rain—a soft repose  
Stole o'er the sleeper's eye,  
As silver octaves stirred the air,  
And white wings hovered nigh.  
She heard in trance heroic song,  
Of firm endurance given  
To great and holy ones of old,  
By perfect trust in Heaven.

Of him who on an ocean-world  
Outrode the surges high,  
And at Jehovah's mandate saw  
The rainbow span the sky.  
Of Enoch's deathless flight to God;  
Of Hagar's lonely cries;  
Elijah by the ravens fed,  
And Abraham's sacrifice.

Full swelled the symphony divine,  
Exultant and afar,  
The dreamer's face was that of one  
Crowned with a new-born star.  
And when the early morning beam  
Athwart her pillow stole,  
She woke, the conflict to abide,  
Serene and glad of soul.

Oh! nightly doth a vision like  
Some burdened spirit see;  
Though angels talk no more with men,  
God-guided still are we.  
And Faith achieves in silent hearts  
Its victories sublime,  
And seraphs minister, as erst  
In Judah's sacred clime.





## TWO FACES under ONE HOOD

### The Pleasant Acquaintance.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The land hath bubbles as the water hath,  
And these are of them."

"Who is she?"

"Ay, that is precisely the question which everybody asks, and nobody can answer."

"She is a splendid-looking creature, be she who she may."

"And her manners are as lovely as her person. Come and dine with me to-morrow; I sit directly opposite her at table, so you can have a fair opportunity of gazing at this new star in our dingy firmament."

"Agreed; I am about changing my lodgings, and if I like the company at your house, I may take a room there."

The speakers were two gay and fashionable men; one a student of law, the other a confidential clerk in a large commercial house. They belonged to that class of youths, so numerous in New York, who, while in reality labouring most industriously for a livelihood, yet take infinite pains to seem idle and useless members of society;—fellows who at their outset in life try hard to repress a certain respectability of character, which after a while



comes up in spite of them, and makes them very good sort of men in the end. The lady who attracted so much of their attention at that moment, had recently arrived in the city; and, as she wore the weeds of widowhood, her solitary position seemed sufficiently explained. But there was an attractiveness in her appearance and manners which excited a more than usual interest in the stranger's history. She had that peculiar fascination which gentlemen regard as the most exquisite refinement of frank simplicity, but which ladies, better versed in the intricacies of female nature, always recognise as the perfection of art. None but an impulsive, warm-hearted woman, can retain her freshness of feeling and ready responsive sympathy after five-and-twenty; and such a woman never obtains sufficient command over her own sensitiveness to exhibit the perfect adaptability and uniform amiableness of deportment which are characteristics of the skilful fascinator.

Harry Maurice, the young lawyerling, failed not to fulfil his appointment with his friend; and at four o'clock on the following day, he found himself the *vis-à-vis* of the bewitching Mrs. Howard, gazing on her loveliness through the somewhat hazy atmosphere of a steaming dinner-table. If he was struck with her appearance when he saw her only stepping from a carriage, he was now completely bewildered by the whole battery of charms which were directed against him. A well-rounded and graceful figure, whose symmetry was set off by a close-fitting dress of black bombazine; superb arms gleaming through sleeves of the thinnest crape; a neck of dazzling whiteness, only half concealed beneath the folds of a *fichu à la grand'mère*; features not regularly beautiful, somewhat sharp in outline, but full of expression, and enlivened by the brightest of eyes and pearliest of teeth, were the most obvious of her attractions.

The ordinary civilities of the table, proffered with profound respect by Maurice, and accepted with quiet dignity by the lady, opened the way to conversation. Before the dessert came on, the first barriers to acquaintance had been removed, and, somewhat to his own surprise, Harry Maurice found himself perpetrating bad puns and uttering gay *bon-mots* in the full hearing, and evidently to the genuine amusement, of the lovely widow. When dinner was over, the trio found themselves in the midst of an animated discussion respecting the relative capacity for sentiment in men and women. The subject was too interesting to be speedily dropped, and the party adjourned to a convenient corner of the drawing-room. As usual, the peculiar character of the topic upon which they had fallen, led to the unguarded expression

of individual opinions, and of course to the development of much *implied* experience. Nothing could have been better calculated to display Mrs. Howard as one of the most sensitive, as well as sensible of her sex. She had evidently been one of the victims to the false notions of society. A premature marriage, an uncongenial partner, and all the thousand-and-one ills attendant upon baffled sentiment, had probably entered largely into the lady's bygone knowledge of life. Not that she deigned to confide any of her personal experience to her new friends, but they possessed active imaginations, and it was easy to make large inferences from small premises.

Midnight sounded ere the young men remembered that something was due to the ordinary forms of society, and that they had been virtually "talking love," for seven hours, to a perfect stranger. The sudden reaction of feeling, the dread lest they had been exposing their peculiar habits of thought to the eye of ridicule, the frightful suspicion that they must have seemed most particularly "fresh" to the lady, struck both the gentlemen at the same moment. They attempted to apologise, but the womanly tact of Mrs. Howard spared them all the discomfort of such an awkward explanation. She reproached herself so sweetly for having suffered her impulsive nature to beguile her with such unwonted confidence,—she thanked them so gently for their momentary interest in her "melancholy recollections of blighted feelings,"—she so earnestly implored them to forget her indiscreet communings with persons "whose singular congeniality of soul had made her forget that they were strangers," that she succeeded in restoring them to a comfortable sense of their own powers of attraction. Instead of thinking they had acted like men "*afflicted with an extraordinary quantity of youngness*," they came to the conclusion that Mrs. Howard was one of the most discriminating of her sex; and the tear which swam in her soft eyes as she gave them her hand at parting, added the one irresistible charm to their previous bewilderment.

The acquaintance so auspiciously begun was not allowed to languish. Harry Maurice took lodgings in the same house; and thus, without exposing the fair widow to invidious remark, he was enabled to enjoy her society with less restraint. Unlike most of his sudden fancies, he found his liking for this lady "to grow by what it fed on." She looked so very lovely in her simple white morning dress and pretty French cap, and her manners partook so agreeably of the simplicity and easy negligence of her breakfast attire, that she seemed more charming than ever. Indeed, almost every one in the house took a fancy to her. She won the hearts of the ladies by her unbounded

fondness for their children, and her consummate tact in inventing new games for them; while her entire unconsciousness of her own attractions, and apparent indifference to admiration, silenced for a time all incipient jealousy. The gentlemen could not but be pleased with a pretty woman who was so sweet-tempered and so little exacting; while her peculiar talent for putting every one in good humour with themselves,—a talent, which in less skilful hands would have been merely an adroit power of flattery,—sufficiently accounted for her general influence.

There was only one person who seemed proof against Mrs. Howard's spells. This was an old bank clerk, who for forty years had occupied the same post, and stood at the same desk, encountering no other changes than that of a new ledger for an old one, and hating every innovation in morals and manners with an intensity singularly at variance with his usual quietude, or rather stagnation of feeling. For nearly half his life he had occupied the same apartment, and nothing but a fire or an earthquake would have been sufficient to dislodge him. Many of the transient residents in the house knew him only by the *soubriquet* of "the Captain;" and the half-dictatorial, half-whimsical manner in which, with the usual privilege of a humourist, he ordered trifling matters about the house, was probably the origin of the title. When the ladies who presided at the head of the establishment first opened their house for the reception of boarders, he had taken up his quarters there, and they had all grown old together; so it was not to be wondered at if he had somewhat the manner of a master.

The Captain had looked with an evil eye upon Mrs. Howard from the morning after her arrival, when he had detected her French dressing-maid in the act of peeping into his boots, as they stood outside of the chamber-door. This instance of curiosity, which he could only attribute to an unjustifiable anxiety to be acquainted with the name of the owner of the said boots, was such a flagrant impropriety, besides being such a gross violation of his privilege of privacy, that he could not forgive it. He made a formal complaint of the matter to Mrs. Howard, and earnestly advised her to dismiss so prying a servant. The lady pleaded her attachment to a faithful attendant, who had left her native France for pure love of her, and besought him to forgive a first and venial error. The Captain had no faith in its being a first fault, and as for its veniality, if she had put out an "I," and called it a venial affair, it would have better suited his ideas of her. He evidently suspected both the mistress and the maid; and a prejudice in his mind was like a

thistle-seed,—it might wing its way on gossamer pinions, but once planted, it was sure to produce its crop of thorns.

In vain the lady attempted to conciliate him; in vain she tried to humour his whims, and pat and fondle his hobbies. He was proof against all her allurements, and whenever by some new or peculiar grace she won unequivocal expressions of admiration from the more susceptible persons around her, a peevish "Fudge!" would resound most emphatically from the Captain's lips.

"Pray, sir, will you be so good as to inform me what you meant by the offensive monosyllable you chose to utter this morning, when I addressed a remark to Mrs. Howard?" said Harry Maurice to him, upon a certain occasion, when the old gentleman had seemed more than usually caustic and observing.

The Captain looked slowly up from his newspaper: "I am old enough, young man, to be allowed to talk to myself, if I please."

"I suppose you meant to imply that I was 'green,' and stood a fair chance of being 'done brown,'" said Harry mischievously, well knowing his horror of all modern slang.

"I am no judge of colours," said he, drily, "but I can tell a fool from a knave when I see them contrasted. In old times it was the woman's privilege to play the fool, but the order of things is reversed now-a-days." So saying, he drew on his gloves, and walked out with his usual clock-like regularity.

Three months passed away, and Harry Maurice was "full five fathoms deep" in love with the beautiful stranger. Yet he knew no more of her personal history than on the day when they first met, and the old question of "Who is she?" was often in his mind, though the respect growing out of a genuine attachment checked it ere the words rose to his lips. He heard her speak of plantations at the South, and on more than one occasion he had been favoured with a commission to transact banking business for her. He had made several deposits in her name, and had drawn out several small sums for her use. He knew therefore that she had moneys at command, but of her family and connexions he was profoundly ignorant. He was too much in love, however, to hesitate long on this point. Young, ardent, and possessed of that *pseudo-romance*, which, like French gilding, so much resembles the real thing that many prefer it, as being cheaper and more durable, he was particularly pleased with the apparent disinterestedness of his affection. Too poor to marry unless he found a bride possessed of fortune, he was now precisely in the situation where alone he could feel himself on the same footing with a wealthy wife. He had an established position



in society, his family were among the oldest and most respectable residents of the state, and the offer of his hand under such circumstances to a lone, unfriended stranger, took away all appearance of cupidity from the suitor, while it constituted a claim upon the lady's gratitude as well as affection. With all his assumed self-confidence, Maurice was in reality a very modest fellow, and he had many a secret misgiving as to her opinion of his merits; for he was one of those youths who use puppyism as a cloak for his diffidence. He wanted to assure himself of her preference before committing himself by a declaration, and to do this required a degree of skill in womancraft that far exceeded his powers.

In the mean time the prejudices of the Captain gained greater strength, and although there was no open war between him and the fair widow, there was perpetual skirmishing between them. Indeed it could not well be otherwise, considering the decided contrast between the two parties. The Captain was prejudiced, dogmatic, and full of old-fashioned notions. A steady adherent of ruffled shirts, well-starched collars, and shaven chins, he regarded with contempt the paltry subterfuges of modern fashion. At five-and-twenty he had formed his habits of thinking and acting, and at sixty he was only the same man grown older. A certain indolence of temper prevented him from investigating anything new, and he was therefore content to deny all that did not conform to his early notions. He hated fashionable slang, despised a new-modelled costume, scorned modern morality, and ranked the crime of wearing a mustache and imperial next to the seven deadly sins. His standard of female perfection was a certain "lady-love" of his youth, who might have served as a second Harriet Byron to some new Sir Charles Grandison. After a courtship of ten years, (during which time he never ventured upon a greater familiarity than that of pressing the tips of her fingers to his lips on a New Year's day,) the lady died, and the memory of his early attachment, though something like a rose encased in ice, was still the one flower of his life.

Of course, the freedom of modern manners was shocking to him, and in Mrs. Howard he beheld the impersonation of vanity, coquetry, and falsehood. Besides, she interfered with his privileges. She made suggestions about certain arrangements at table; she pointed out improvements in several minor household comforts; she asked for the liver-wing of the chicken, which had heretofore been his peculiar perquisite, as carver; she played the accordion, and kept an Eolian harp in the window of her room, which unfortunately adjoined his;

and, to crown all, she did not hesitate to ask him questions as coolly as if she was totally unconscious of his privileges of privacy. He certainly had a most decided grudge against the lady, and she, though apparently all gentleness and meekness, yet had so adroit a way of saying and doing disagreeable things to the old gentleman, that it was easy to infer a mutual dislike.

The Captain's benevolence had been excited by seeing Harry Maurice on the highroad to being victimized, and he actually took some pains to make the young man see things in their true light.

"Pray, Mr. Maurice, do you spend all your mornings at your office?" said he one day.

"Certainly, sir."

"Then you differ from most young lawyers," was the gruff reply.

"Perhaps I have better reasons than many others for my close application. While completing my studies, I am enabled to earn a moderate salary by writing for Mr. —, and this is of some consequence to me."

The old man looked inquiringly, and Maurice answered the silent question.

"You know enough of our family, sir, to be aware that my father's income died with him. A few hundred dollars per annum are all that remains for the support of my mother and an invalid sister, who reside in Connecticut. Of course, if I would not encroach upon their small means, I must do something for my own maintenance."

The Captain's look grew pleasanter as he replied, "I do not mean to be guilty of any impertinent intrusion into your affairs, but it seems to me that you share the weakness of your fellows, by thus working like a slave and spending like a prince."

Maurice laughed. "Perhaps my princely expenditure would scarcely bear as close a scrutiny as my slavish toil. I really work, but it often happens that I only *seem* to spend."

"I understand you, but you are worthy of better things; you should have courage to throw off the trammels of fashion, and live economically, like a man of sense, until fortune favours you."

The young man was silent for a moment, then, as if to change the subject, asked, "What was your object in inquiring about my morning walks?"

"I merely wanted to know if you ever met Mrs. Howard in Broadway in the morning."

"Never, sir; but I am so seldom there, that it would be strange if I should encounter an acquaintance among its throngs."

"I am told she goes out every morning at nine o'clock, and does not return until three."

"I suppose she is fond of walking."



"Humph! I rather suspect she has some regular business."

"Quite likely," said Maurice, laughing heartily, "perhaps she is a bank clerk,—occupied from nine to three, you say,—just banking hours."

The Captain looked sternly in the young man's face, then uttering his emphatic "Fudge!" turned upon his heel, and whistling "A Frog he would a wooing go," sauntered out of the room, thoroughly disgusted with the whole race of modern young men.

The old gentleman's methodical habits of business had won for him the confidence of every one, and as an almost necessary consequence had involved him in the responsibility of several trusteeships. There were sundry old ladies and orphans whose pecuniary affairs he had managed for years with the punctuality of a Dutch clock. Before noon, on the days when their interest moneys were due, he always had the satisfaction of paying them into the hands of the owners. It was only for some such purpose that he ever left his post during business hours; but the claims of the widow and the fatherless came before those of the ledger, and he sometimes stole an hour from his daily duties to attend to these private trusts.

Not long after he had sought to awaken his young friend's suspicions respecting Mrs. Howard, one of these occasions occurred. At midday he found himself seated in a pleasant drawing-room, between an old lady and a young one, both of whom regarded him as the very best of men. He had transacted his business and was about taking leave, when he was detained to partake of a lunch; and, while he was engaged in washing down a biscuit with a glass of octogenarian Madeira, the young lady was called out of the room. She was absent about fifteen minutes, and when she returned, her eyes were full of tears. A pile of gold lay on the table, (the Captain would have thought it ungentlemanlike to offer dirty paper to ladies,) and taking a five-dollar piece from the heap, she again vanished. This time she did not quite close the door behind her, and it was evident she was conversing with some claimant upon her charity. Her compassionate tones were distinctly heard in the drawing-room, and when she ceased speaking, a remarkably soft, clear, liquid voice responded to her kindness. There was something in these sounds which awakened the liveliest interest in the old gentleman. He started, fidgeted in his chair, and at length fairly mastered by his curiosity, he stole on tiptoe to the door. He saw only a drooping figure, clad in mourning, and veiled from head to foot, who, repeating her thanks to her young benefactress, gathered

up a roll of papers from the hall table, and withdrew before he could obtain a glimpse of her face.

"What impostor have you been feeling now?" he asked, as the young lady entered the room, holding in her hand several cheap French engravings.

"No impostor, my dear sir, but a most interesting woman."

"Oh, I dare say she was very *interesting* and *interested* too, no doubt; but how do you know she was no swindler?"

"Because she shed tears, *real* tears."

"Humph! I suppose she put her handkerchief to her eyes and snivelled."

"No, indeed, I saw the big drops roll down her cheeks, and I never can doubt such an evidence of genuine sorrow; people can't force tears."

"What story could she tell which was worth five dollars?"

"Her husband, who was an importer of French stationary and engravings, has recently died insolvent, leaving her burdened with the support of two children and an infirm mother. His creditors have seized everything, excepting a few unsaleable prints, by the sale of which she is now endeavouring to maintain herself independently."

"Are the prints worth anything?"

"Not much."

"Then she is living upon charity quite as much as if she begged from door to door; it is only a new method of levying contributions upon people with more money than brains."

"The truth of her statement is easily ascertained. I have promised to visit her, and if I find her what she seems, I shall supply her with employment as a seamstress."

"Will you allow me to accompany you on your visit?"

"Certainly, my dear sir, upon condition that if you find her story true, you will pay the penalty of your mistrust in the shape of a goodly donation."

"Agreed! I'll pay if she turns out to be an object of charity. But that voice of hers,—I don't believe there are *two* such voices in this great city."

What notion had now got into the crotchety head of the Captain no one could tell; but he certainly was in wonderful spirits that day at dinner. He was in such good humour that he was even civil to Mrs. Howard, and sent his own bottle of wine to Harry Maurice. He looked a little confounded when Mrs. Howard, taking advantage of his "melting mood," challenged him to a game at backgammon, and it was almost with his old gruffness that he refused her polite invitation. He waited long enough to see her deeply engaged in chess

with her young admirer, and then hurried away to fulfil his engagement with the lady who had promised to let him share her errand of mercy.

He was doomed to be disappointed, however. They found the house inhabited by the unfortunate Mrs. Harley; it was a low one-story rear building, in — Street, the entrance to which was through a covered alley leading from the street. It was a neat, comfortable dwelling, and the butcher's shop in front of it screened it entirely from public view. But the person of whom they were in quest was not at home. Her mother and two rosy children, however, seemed to corroborate her story, and as the woman seemed disposed to be rather communicative, the old gentleman fancied he had now got upon a true trail. But an incautious question from him sealed the woman's lips, and he found himself quite astray again. Finding nothing could be gained, he hurried away, and entering his own door, found Mrs. Howard still deeply engaged in her game of chess, though she did look up with a sweet smile when she saw him.

A few days afterwards his young friend informed him that she had been more successful, having found Mrs. Harley just preparing to go out on her daily round of charity-seeking.

When suspicions are once aroused in the mind of a man like the Captain, it is strange how industriously he puts together the minutest links in the chain of evidence, and how curiously he searches for such links, as if the unmasking of a rogue was really a matter of the highest importance. The Captain began to grow more reserved and incommunicative than ever. He uttered oracular apothegms and dogmatisms until he became positively disagreeable, and at last, as if to show an utter aberration of mind, he determined to obtain leave of absence for a week. It was a most remarkable event in his history, and as such excited much speculation. But the old gentleman's lips were closely buttoned; he quietly packed a valise, and set out upon, what he called, a country excursion.

It was curious to notice how much he was missed in the house. Some missed his kindness; some his quaint humorousness; some his punctuality, by which they set their watches; and Mrs. Howard seemed actually to feel the want of that sarcastic tone which made the *sauce piquante* of her dainty food. Where he actually went no one knew, but in four days he returned, looking more bilious and acting more crotchety than ever; but with an exhilaration of spirits that showed the marvellous effect of country air.

The day after his return, two men, wrapped in cloaks and wearing slouched hats, entered

the butcher's shop in — Street. Giving a nod in passing to the man at the counter, the two proceeded up stairs, and took a seat at one of the back windows. The blinds were carefully drawn down, and they seated themselves as if to note all that passed in the low, one-story building, which opened upon a narrow paved alley directly beneath the window.

"Do you know that we shall have a fearful settlement to make if this turns out to be all humbug?" said the younger man, as they took their station.

"Any satisfaction which you are willing to claim, I am ready to make in case I am mistaken; but—look there."

As he spoke, a female wearing a large black cloak and thick veil entered the opposite house. Instantly a shout of joy burst from the children, and as the old woman rose to drop the blind at the window, they caught sight of the two merry little ones pulling at the veil and cloak of the mysterious lady.

"Did you see her face?" asked the old man.

"No, it was turned away from the window."

"Then have patience for a while."

Nearly an hour elapsed, and then the door again opened to admit the egress of a person, apparently less of stature than the woman who had so recently entered, more drooping in figure, and clad in rusty and shabby mourning.

"One more kiss, mamma, and don't forget the sugar-plums when you come back," cried one of the children.

The woman stooped to give the required kiss, lifting her veil as she did so, and revealing the whole of her countenance. A groan burst from the lips of one of the watchers, which was answered by a low chuckle from his companion; for both the Captain and Harry Maurice had recognised in the mysterious lady the features of the bewitching Mrs. Howard.

There is little more to tell. The question of "Who is she?" now needed no reply. Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Harley, and some dozen other *aliases*, were the names of an exceedingly genteel adventuress, who is yet vividly remembered by the charitable whom she victimized a few years since. She had resided in several large cities, and was drawing a very handsome income from her ingenuity. Her love of pleasure being as great as her taste for money-making, she devised a plan for living two lives at once, and her extreme mobility of feature, and exquisite adroitness, enabled her to carry out her schemes. How far she would have carried the affair with her young lover it is impossible to say, but the probability is that the "love affair" was only an agreeable episode "*pour passer le tems*," and that whatever might have been the gentleman's intentions, the lady was guiltless of ulterior views.



The Captain managed the affair in his own way. He did not wish to injure the credit of the house, which he designed to call his home for the rest of his life, and therefore Mrs. Howard received a quiet intimation to quit, which she obeyed with her usual unruffled sweetness. Harry Maurice paid a visit to his mother and sister in the country, and on his return found it desirable to change his lodgings. The Captain kept the story to himself for several years, but after Maurice was married, and settled in his domestic habitudes, he

felt himself privileged to use it as a warning to all gullible young men, against bewitching widows, and mysterious fellow-boarders. Indeed, it has become the Captain's pet story, and whenever he is particularly good-humoured with a new-comer, (for he still holds his old place at the head of the table,) he invariably tells it, and as invariably adds: "Such things never happened in my young days;—there was no mistaking a real lady in old times, but now a bit of French frippery can deceive almost anybody."

## THE DAUGHTER OF JEPHTHAH.

BY JAMES T. JANVIER.

THERE comes a conqueror from the field of war,  
With the wreathed laurel fresh upon his brow;  
The high and holy cause he battled for  
Has nobly won a lasting triumph now.  
'Twas his, in dust, the haughty Power to bow  
That held in blood and chains his native land;  
Happy indeed, victorious chief, art thou,  
And happy they who proudly round thee stand,  
Bearing the well-won spoils of thy victorious hand.

A friendless outcast, and a fugitive,  
Far from the lovely city of thy birth;  
Driven to a wild and desert land to live,  
A weary, homeless wanderer on the earth:  
Such was the grandeur of thy native worth,  
That they who once could even thy presence spurn,  
Now in their time of pressing need come forth,  
Anxious thy every purpose to discern,  
And humbly suppliant for thy kind and quick return.

Thus in this various, ever-changeable life,  
'Tis well, with patient heart, on Time to wait  
Till lulls to rest the elemental strife;  
And never-failing Justice, soon or late,  
Shall mete to every man his fitting fate.  
It is not always wisdom to oppose  
The pressing crowd set on by causeless hate;  
Rest for a season till the night may close,  
And the full light of day disperse or crush thy foes.

The bitter jest, the scorn, the scoff of men,  
Once, blighting, fell upon thy hated name;  
It was a hissing and a byword then,  
For on thee dark and deep reproaches came—  
The bitter stigma of another's shame.  
The injured, not the injurer, oft must bear  
Vile Envy's rack, Detraction's cruel flame;  
Yet to the victim, verging on despair,  
Time slowly comes, but sure, his injuries to repair.

The victor chieftain hastens to his home.  
How swells his bosom with a joyful pride!  
The ancient walls of that ancestral dome  
The noblest of his earthly treasures hide:  
No object else, beneath the heavens wide,  
Was half so fondly, deeply dear to him;  
That earnest love, by long affliction tried,  
No joy might lessen, and no sorrow dim;  
And they had drunk of each a cup filled to the brim.

She takes the sounding timbrel in her hand,  
And as the train with martial tread advances,  
Comes forth to meet them with her maiden band,  
With smiles and welcome words and graceful dances.  
The cohort, bowing, lower their glittering lances,  
And the fierce scowl that savage war puts on  
Exchange for passion's swiftly-kindling glances,  
Easy at such a time as this to don,  
When love is smiling here, and battle's strife is gone.

The beauteous maiden hastes to greet her sire:—  
What sudden blackness gathers on his face?  
He waves his hand—the attendant train retire;  
And, as he tottered to a resting-place,  
He spake: "My daughter! thou hast brought me low.  
That vow to God, would that I could retrace!"  
Meekly she said: "My dearest father, no!  
What thou hast sworn to God, that do thou even so.

"And as for me, I ask thee but this boon:—  
Suffer me on the mountains to go forth,  
To look once more upon the full-orbed moon,  
As silently she circles round the earth.  
Oft have I left the noisy halls of mirth,  
To wander there and watch her silver car;  
And mark that light which came upon my birth,  
Like a strange planet on the heavens far:  
A dread, but glorious light, beams from that natal star.

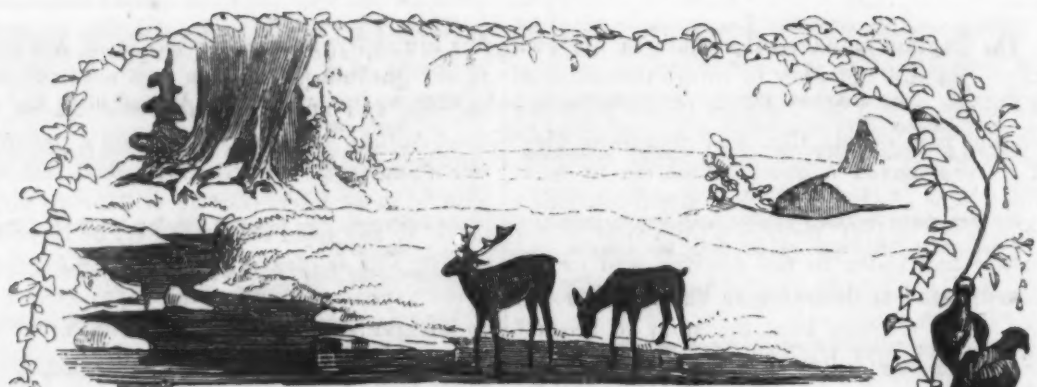
"And in that awful grotto, where the light  
Comes never on its darkness, I would sit,  
Amid a deeper gloom than fills the night;  
To see below unearthly shadows flit  
Across the chamber of that fathomless pit,  
Where all below is dark as midnight's frown,  
While all above, the starry lamps are lit;  
And the blue heaven above seems resting down,  
With flashing gems inwove, a bright and glorious crown.

"Then by that rocky column let me stand,  
That heavenward rears its towering spire on high  
Those tablets graven by the Almighty hand  
Appear like records of eternity,  
Spread out for ever to the All-seeing eye.  
The history of each age, and every clime,  
Seems in their mystic characters to lie,  
Defying all the ravages of time  
Unread by mortal eye—inscrutable—sublime!

"And in those dreary forests of dark pine,  
Whose giant shadows, on the cold earth flung,  
Baffle the struggling sun-rays as they shine,  
With feeble light, the mossy knolls among:—  
There let me listen to the spirit-tongue,  
That comes for ever, with its plaintive moan.  
Thus be thy daughter's requiem sadly sung,  
Through the dim forest windings, where alone  
The wild and sorrowful wind shall sweep its organ tone.

"Think not, my father, that I shrink from death—  
Life were dear to me, only for thy sake:  
The thought, that 'tis for thee I yield my breath,  
Shall from the fatal stroke its anguish take;  
While Hope will whisper that I may awake,  
Like a glad infant from its tranquil sleep,—  
And from my burial robes the damp mould shake;  
Then leaping forth upon the infinite deep,  
Through the vast universe on tireless pinion sweep."





## Hunter's Song.

BY ALICE CAREY.

WILT go with me, Cathella? the morn is all aglow  
To light our westering pathway across the shining snow;  
Her spotted cubs the leopard is leading to their lair,  
And the pheasant's wing is whirring through the blue and frosty air.

Now saffron flecks the crimson, the day-god rises higher,  
The flint-crests of the mountains must be burning into fire;  
And the pine-wood, like an army with plumes against the arch,  
Aplaying to the rushing wind the music of a march.

The green belt of the forest, that girdles a far isle,  
Shall glow as with the sunshine, Cathella, in thy smile;  
And the yellow-podded samphire along the shelving rocks  
Be shamed away to pallor by the beauty of thy locks.

When the summer's golden shuttle weaves rainbows in the sky,  
Ripe nuts and scarlet berries in thy lap, my love, shall lie;  
And when the bright-eyed eagle sits rocking in the storm,  
The red robe of the buffalo shall wrap thy tender form.



Wilt go with me, Cathella? I cannot choose but plead,  
The seaward-sweeping breezes our birch canoe shall  
    speed  
O'er the azure-bosomed rivers, the tumultuous and  
    grand,  
Where the light step of the heron scarcely prints the sil-  
    ver sand.

My rifle, ringing clearly where the branching antlers toss,  
Shall rouse the timid rabbit from his burrow in the  
    moss,  
And startle from the spice-brush, with panting breast, the  
    hind,  
While the prairie-steed sweeps by me with his mane upon  
    the wind.

What joy to watch the trailing of the lithe and eager pack,  
And to catch the deep-mouthed baying as they double on  
    the track,  
With my hunter straining forward where the sobbing  
    herd are fled,  
And the thin ice hung like feathers from the frozen boughs  
    o'erhead.

As I stoop to kiss the soft cheek whence the blushes all  
    are flown,  
I can almost hear the beating of the heart beneath my  
    own,  
And I feel the white hand tremble, while the tearful eyes  
    I see—  
Wilt be content, Cathella, with the wilderness and me?

## BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

MOST of the anecdotes of painters are exaggerations of some truths, and coloured beyond nature. Such is the history of our countryman West, by Galt the novelist, and such the major part of the anonymous paragraphs concerning native prodigies. Truth cannot be adorned by the plumes of fiction. It is with a different spirit—a more simple love of truth—that I record an anecdote of an American artist.

Without meddling with the disquisitions on innate or cultivated genius, it is certain that some persons are more observant of what they see, and remember more distinctly what they have seen, than others. This was the case with a young artist of New York, Mr. FRANCIS W. PHILIP. He arrived in London whilst I was there in 1834, to prosecute his studies in painting, contrary to the wishes of his father, who desired him to co-operate with him in a more money-making business as a distiller. Young Philip sought my acquaintance, and I was gratified in rendering him some assistance; he was, therefore, much with my family; who were charmed with his amiability, zeal, and talent. Having the privilege of Lord Grosvenor's Gallery, I took him there and to the National Gallery, in both of which, during an entire morning, his artistic soul feasted on the masterpieces which they contained. That day he dined with me, spent the afternoon in city excursions with my daughters, and remained with us till midnight; making an engagement for another excursion the next morning at seven o'clock. In the morning, fearing that he might oversleep himself, I went to his lodgings in Buckingham Place—the same that I at first occupied in London—that *Allston*, *Morse*, and *King* had previously occupied, and *Sully* afterwards—as if the Genius of Painting held her inspirations there. It was broad

daylight, and he was fast asleep. I reluctantly awakened him; and, to account for his tardiness, he told me that the pictures of the Grosvenor and National Galleries had so occupied his mind as to prevent his sleeping, so relighting his lamp, he employed himself the remainder of the night in efforts to throw on canvass the impressions which had been so vividly painted in his imagination, and showed me the proofs of it on a canvass, twenty-five by thirty inches, filled with sketches in oil colours, executed during the five hours after midnight, every one of which I recognised having seen with him the day before, the most remarkable for colour, shade, or form. They were generally about the size of one's hand, fresh from the brushes and palette, which I saw lying uncleaned on his table; and, in addition to these, an excellent reminiscence of a beggar girl, whom he had glanced at for a few moments as she sat crouched against the column of a door which we were passing the previous afternoon.

There are many authenticated instances of verbal memory, and it is known that the celebrated portrait painter STUART possessed an extraordinary faculty of remembering and sketching faces; but this instance of young PHILIP is the most wonderful I have ever known. After remaining in London a few years, he returned to New York, where I saw him in his painting-room, which was furnished with every convenience for the cultivation of his art; but from the number of historical studies which he had begun, without pausing to finish any one, I feared that he was taxing his brain too severely. He died soon after, from mental excitement, a martyr to his love of art, leaving a young wife to lament his untimely death.

## COINCIDENCES OR PLAGIARISMS NOTED IN PASSING.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

"Lengthened thoughts that gleam through many a page."  
POPE.

DR. JOHNSON once projected a work, in which he meant to show what a small quantity of invention served the purposes of literature, particularly poetic literature, at all times, and how images and incidents have been repeated, from age to age,—a sort of dissertation upon Solomon's text, that "there is nothing new under the sun." It was a pity a man of such erudition and strong critical sagacity, did not set about the task. Ancient and modern poetry—the modern poetry of England, at least—were as familiar to his mind as the furniture of his rooms—more so, perhaps; and no man could better track the metempsychosis of an idea, or an image, through the change of time and language, than himself. But he did not think it worth his while, perhaps, to spend his time, catching these eels of literature by the tail, and preferred the business of his dictionary—a legacy which may well console us for the want of the other.

What Dr. Johnson could have done so completely and well, thousands of readers who have rambled in the fields of literature, native or exotic, have doubtless been in the habit of doing for themselves: recognising the various resemblances of poetic sentiment and imagery scattered over the domains of the muses. It is interesting to discover such coincidences, either to know how the same circumstances of life or nature impress different minds, or to detect a theft, however cunningly it may be concealed. Having met or remembered a few, in moments of too much literary idlesse, and with the sagacity of Captain Cuttle, "made a note" of them, we would take the good-natured reader—desiring none other—by the button, and ask him to throw away an hour with us in a gossip of poets, showing how they sympathized with, or borrowed, or stole from, one another.

Some of the earliest dead leaves of autumn, whirled by a breeze from the west across the pathways of our famous Common—Boston Common, of course—suggest the old moral and likeness they have furnished for so many of

"Those bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time,"

as well as of our modern "kings of melody."

At all times there have been tongues in trees, "airy tongues that syllabled men's lives," as it were. The most venerable of bards, the *magni nominis umbra* of Parnassus, Homer, or at least one of those successive Greek troubadours, whose minstrelsy has been rolled together into one great name, has likened the transit and renewal of the human generations to the leaves of trees. Pope thus renders the passage:—

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—  
They fall successive, and successive rise."

Dante, in that Hades of the Church, which he has made so terrible by the genius and revenge of an impassioned heart, compares the falling of souls, one by one, into the boat which carries them to judgment, to the lapse of autumn leaves from the boughs:—

"Come d' autunno si levan le foglie  
L'una appresso dell' altra, infin che l' ramo  
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie,  
Similmente," &c.

Milton and Virgil have used the image to express a myriad of things. The former says:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
Of Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
High overarched embower."

No man understood better than Milton that picturesque effect of names, whether of men or places; and he has, in the above, made the codicil of his resemblance beautiful by a dash of romantic association. Virgil, to express his idea of numerosity, has—

"Quam multa in sylvis, autumni frigore primo,  
Lapsa cadunt folia."

Spenser makes one of the personages of his Faery Queen drive a crowd of his enemies before him,

"As withered leaves drop from their dried stocks  
When the wroth western wind doth reave their locks."

Shelley reverses this same image of the west wind blowing the sere leaves; and instead of making it exemplify a more dignified act, exemplifies it thus:

"Thou wild west wind! thou breath of Autumn's being  
Before whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing."



Lord Byron, making a magnificent simile, says, with reference to the defeat of Sennacherib:

"Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with its banners at sunset was seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown."

The fading away of the woodland foliage has always been more attractive and touching than the green glories of summer trees. The former illustrates with pathetic effect the destinies of men, and the moral of human life; and thus its solemn and softened picturesque and multitudinous decay has been so much employed in poetic imagery.

Campbell's noble poem, *Lochiel's Warning*, was doubtless suggested by the lines in Collins's *Ode to Superstition*, in which he speaks of the Scottish seers—

"They raved, divining thro' their second sight,  
Pale, red Culloden, where their hopes were drowned."

Gray's splendid historical ode, *The Bard*, is fashioned on the same warning principle. The idea is an old one. Louis de Leon, in his poem, makes the Genius of the Tagus put his sedgy head above the water to rebuke Roderigo, last of the Goths, in the arms of Cava or Florinda, whose father, Count Julian, on account of the dishonour done her by that king,

"First called the band  
That dyed Spain's mountain streams with Gothic gore."

In the *Lusiad*, Admator, the spirit of the Cape of Good Hope, is summoned from the vasty deep, to hold parley with Vasco di Gama,

"Who was the first that ever burst  
Into the orient sea,"

by way of the southern extremity of Africa. For Necho, as Herodotus tells us, sent his ships round westerly, from the Persian Gulf, and Hanno's *Periplus*, on the Atlantic side, did not reach the Cape at all. All these poems and passages appear to have had their original in the *Prophecy of Nereus* (Fifteenth Ode of the First Book of Horace):—

"Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus  
Idæis Helenam," &c.

Nereus stopped the wind that was wafting Helen and Paris in ships of Troy, and while

"The sea was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played,"

drew them a very faithful and forbidding picture of the consequences which should yet come of their elopement—

"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy"—

the war of heroes, and the end of all, when the last blaze should send Ilion to the skies:—

"Post certas hiemes, uret Achaicus  
Ignis Iliacas domos."

There is another passage in Campbell which would seem to be a plagiarism from Waller. The latter says:—

"Others may use the ocean as their road,  
Only the English make it *their abode*,—  
We tread the billows with a steady foot."

Campbell adopts the thoughts of these italicised words into the following, from the "*Mariners of England*:"—

"Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is on the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep."

Apropos of Jenny Lind, whom we have just heard, and whose tones still

"Keep time to nothing in our head,  
From some odd corner of the brain."

People call her a nightingale. We should like to hear her fairly pitted against "the Attic bird," for a "triumph of music." If, as Lyly intimates, "jug, jug, tereu," be the only notes of the latter—

"'Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu,' she cries,  
And still her woes at midnight rise"—

we think the Scandinavian songster would prove more than a match for her. It would be a rare thing to hear their strife. Such a thing has many times taken place, if we may credit tradition. Sir William Jones records that a nightingale vied with a musician near Shiraz. It is a fact in natural history that birds will sing against each other. That they should sing against certain musical instruments seems, therefore, less extraordinary.

Strada has written some Latin verses, recording the musical contest of a man with a lute, and a nightingale. In this he has been imitated by the English poet, Crashawe—one whom it has been the fashion to underrate a good deal. The Latin of Strada is close and simple, and ends with the defeat and death of the bird, which warbles its last in a vain attempt to rival the science of the instrument:—

"Tuque etiam in modulos surgis, Philomela; sed impar  
Viribus, huc impar, exanimisque cadis.  
Durum certamen! Tristis victoria!" &c.

Crashawe's poem is full of quaint and spark-

ling sentences. He seems to have thrown his heart into the strife he describes; and his lines exhibit something of the effort which may be supposed to belong to the musical antagonists. There is a certain amount of euphuism in Crashawe—an inevitable vice of his period—but this is amply compensated by the freshness and felicity of his thoughts and expressions. The Nightingale

"Opens the floodgates, and lets loose a tide  
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride,  
Rising and falling in a pompous strain;  
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal  
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal  
With the cool epode of a graver note.  
Her little soul is ravished, and so poured  
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed  
Above herself—music's enthusiast."

The description of the Man has some happier touches still:—

"So said, his hands, *sprightly as fire*, he flings,  
And with a quivering coyness tastes the strings.  
From this to that, from that to this he flies,  
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries.  
Fraught with a fury so harmonious,  
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,  
Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies," &c.

A good deal of effort in the elimination of his conceits may be discovered in this poet; but it cannot be denied that he dashes out, at times, some exquisite fragments of fancy and phraseology. What a delicate couplet we have here, in the first quoted, describing the Man! "Sprightly as fire" is new and most vivid; and the next line—never was there such an instance of happy *onomatopœia*! "Tastes the strings" is not euphuism. It is perfectly literal. *Taster* is the old French of *to touch*; the modern word drops the *s* by a very general neologic rule. The conceit of "feeling Music's pulse in all her arteries," is a line of the same bold and felicitous kind.

In reading the verse of our older poets and dramatists, you cannot but feel how much finer and fresher was their style than that of the classic rhetoric which came afterwards into vogue. And in spite of

"The long, majestic march, and energy divine,"

of Dryden, and the splendid verse of Pope, we are disposed to think that English poetic literature would now be more racy of the soil, and still worthier of our civilization, if the discreditable Gallican influences of Charles the Second's reign had not overflowed the fields of our poetry with the exotic spirit of classic antiquity, filtered through the artificial and slavish literature of France. Had it been otherwise, we might now have our Coleridges, Shelleys, Keatses, Byrons, &c., of an earlier

day, and the famous Augustan school, as it has been termed, might not have been at all; Pope and the rest might either have been unheard, or been heard speaking in a different fashion.

Talking of Pope, he draws a good many of his ideas from the brains of others. Bolingbroke, it is well known, suggested most of the arguments of the "Essay on Man." The couplet, for instance,—

"And more true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels,"

occurs, in a prosaic shape, in his lordship's writings. But Bolingbroke himself seems to have plagiarised the idea of it from Seneca; who says, "O, Marcellus, happier when Brutus approved thy exile, than when the commonwealth approved thy consulship!" In the Essay, Pope says:

"Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,  
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And showed a Newton, as we show an ape."

This nearly approaches the contemptuous opinion expressed by Raphael, in *Paradise Lost*, where he speaks of the presumptuous men who will attempt to scan God's astronomical creation:

"If they list to try  
Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens  
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide,  
Hereafter; when they come to model heaven,  
And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances; how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle, and epicycle, orb in orb!"

This piece of archangelic satire was intended for the lumbering old system of Ptolemy, which held its supremacy up to the days of Copernicus. But Milton seems to have adopted this idea of supernal scorn of man's scientific groping, from the work of the Italian, Marcello Palingenio, printed at Ferrara in 1531, and called the *Zodiacus Vitæ*. In this the author says that the man who scrutinises the planetary bodies and the laws of nature, will be the ape of the celestials, the laughing-stock of the gods, even in this world:

"Simia cœlicolum risusque jocusque deorum est  
Tunc homo, cum temere ingenio confidit et audet  
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque rerum."

If all this were true, Galileo, Herschell, Rosse, Leverrier, and the rest of "those earthly god-fathers of heaven's lights," could or can expect very little reward of their labours at the hands of the *cœlicoli*; who must, in particular, have laughed very heartily lately, to see Lord Rosse building and polishing at Parsonstown,

in Ireland, a huge telescope, which was at last to demolish and do away with that Nebular Theory which his friends, Herschell and Nichol of Glasgow, had spent such trouble in building up to the constellation of Orion, from the Shinar, so to speak, of a very daring hypothesis. These astronomers thought they had made out the birth and progress, the Genesis, of the heavenly bodies, when they had seen, with the strongest telescopes they could afford, a certain opaque luminosity in Orion, and could make nothing distinct of it. They concluded it must be some blind, wandering nebulous matter, from which the regular bodies were gradually evolved—the star-dust and raw material, as it were, of the host of heaven. And thus they raised up their very bold and attractive synthesis, through all the phases and transitions of the floating nebulae, arguing all the while from recognised laws, till they came to the bright consummate star, moving in sublime obedience to the cosmical order of the universe. It was a great thing to hear, as we have heard, Professor Nichol set forth his theory in his own high poetic style, unmindful of the enormous tube which Rosse was even then pointing at the penetralia of heaven; and which, when fixed upon the aforesaid nebula, discovered, not the “raw material,” and Nature in her workshop, doing it up into astronomy, but, crowds of full-grown, rounded, regular, and infinitely remote orbs, swimming about in the abysses of a further firmament! Down came the beautiful theory! But the splinters of it were admirable, even in their ruin. Herschell had shot an arrow like that of Virgil's Acestes, which, missing its aim, and swerving in magnificent error away through space, yet described an arch of true science in its course, and carried a prodigious brilliancy, and the astonished eyes of men, along with it;—just as it has carried ourselves away at present from our subject of literary plagiarism.

To return to Pope. In the Dunciad he has the line:

“A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.”

This smart piece of antithesis he has borrowed from Quinctilian, who, speaking of certain people, says, “*Qui stultis eruditi videri volunt; eruditus stulti videntur.*” Dr. Johnson, also, whose powerful memory often helped him to his good things, hurled this pointed missile at the head of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, calling him, with great applause, “A lord among wits, and a wit among lords.” His lordship had offended the rugged lexicographer, whose barbarous manners in company Chesterfield holds up, in his Letters to his son, as things to be avoided. The noble-

man afterwards offered to serve him with his patronage in bringing out the Dictionary, just as Johnson had toiled painfully, and often *impransus*, to Z; but the scholar refused, growling out, “When I have circumnavigated the world of the British language, he sends a cock-boat to tow me into harbour!”

Pope's lines,

“What woful stuff this madrigal would be,  
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me!” &c.,

only contain the sentiment of Molière:—

“Tous les discours sont des sottises  
Partant d'un homme sans éclat;  
Ce seraient paroles exquisés,  
Si c'était un grand qui parlat.”

Molière adopted it from the old Latin poet, Ennius, who doubtless took it, in turn, from Euripides; who took it from—we forget what Pelasgian, cotemporary with Japheth. Emerson seems to be the last notability who has expressed the sentiment, where he says that, “It adds a great deal to the force of an opinion to know that there is a man of mark and likelihood behind it.”

Apropos of Molière. The words uttered by Sosie, in the *Amphitryon*, and so universally quoted,—

“Le véritable Amphitryon  
Est l'Amphitryon ou l'on dine,”—

were taken from Rotrou, an author who wrote before Molière. Rotrou has almost the same expression negatively:—

“Point d'Amphitryon, ou l'on ne dine pas.”

Pope takes from Cowley in the following,—

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

Cowley has it:

“His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.”

Pope, in the line,

“Is it a crime in heaven to love too well?”

imitates Crashaw's couplet:

“And I—what is my crime? I cannot tell,  
Unless it be a crime to have loved too well.”

Lamartine, in his *Jocelyn*, has the same expression:—

“Est ce un crime, O mon Dieu, de trop aimer le beau?”

The latter calls on God, with the characteristic fervour of France.



Shakespeare has fed a host of plagiarists. But Shakespeare plagiarised himself, from others, yet by the alchymy of true genius he turned all sorts of dross into gold, and embellished every thought he adopted. We perceive Tennyson has pilfered one fine, fanciful thought of his, which is to be found in the Merchant of Venice. Alfred speaks of

— "A dream  
Dreamed by a happy man, while the dark east  
Is slowly brightening to his bridal morn."

Portia says:—

— "Then music is  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage."

In Dryden's Palemon and Arcite you are struck with the bold conceit of the lines,

"A generous chillness seizes every part,  
The blood flies back to fortify the heart."

But look for it in Shakespeare; it must be found in that storehouse of all sentiment. Warwick, in Henry VI., says:—

"Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
Being all descended to the labouring heart,  
Which, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy."

The military figure of Shakespeare's musical lines,—

"Beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson on her lips and in her cheeks,  
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there,"—

is closely imitated by Chamberlain in his Pharonidas,—

"The rose had lost  
His ensign in her cheeks; and tho' it cost  
Pains nigh to death, the lily had alone  
Set his pale banners up."

Milton says of philosophy, that it is

"As musical as is Apollo's lute."

Byron, in Love's Labour Lost, says of love, that it is

— "As sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair."

But it would be an endless task to note everything that has been stolen from the *'Swan's fumier*—or dung-hill, as Voltaire calls it—with such an air of superiority! Shakespeare is more like a Coliseum,

— "From whose mass  
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;"

from whom many makers and builders have quarried their materials.

Lord Byron, (whom we have just quoted,) seems, for all that scornful way of his, to have poached in some measure on the manors of others. He has, indeed, said in one of his letters, that pretensions to originality are ludicrous; but, like Shakespeare, he commutes everything he adopts. He turns with fine effect into the Childe Harold stanza, Filicaja's celebrated sonnet on Italy:—

"Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte," &c.

Italia, O Italia, thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, &c.

Also that stanza, in the first canto of Don Juan—the most delightful of its kind, certainly, in the language—paraphrased from what is supposed to be the Greek of Sappho:—

"O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things;  
Home to the weary, to the hungry, cheer;  
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings;  
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
Is gathered round us by thy look of rest;  
Thou bringest the child, too, to the mother's breast."

Byron had an exquisite sense of the graceful in Anglo-Saxon; and he has sweetly rendered into our tongue and into our feelings, as it were, the rural and household charm of this old fragment. The following sentiment in the second canto of Childe Harold,—

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,  
An hour may lay it in the dust,"—

is taken from a passage in Muratori's Annals, to wit:—"Cento si richieggono ad edificare; un solo basta per distruggere tutto." The lines in the beginning of the third canto,—

"For I am as a weed  
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, or tempest's breath prevail,"—

strongly resemble Horace's,

"Quo me cunque rapit, tempestas deferor hospes."

In the Prophecy of Dante he says:—

"Many are poets who have never penned  
Their inspiration—and perhaps the best."

Wordsworth has the same sentiment:—

"O many are the poets that are sown  
By nature," &c.

But Bacon, whose thoughts had something of the universality of Shakespeare's, said the

same before either of them. In his lines on the death of Kirke White, Lord Byron has employed a very long-descended simile—about the dying eagle,—

"'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow;  
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feathers on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel."

Two other lines finish the simile; from which it would appear the young poet made the most of his plagiarism, and treated his bird somewhat in the manner of the English M. P., who, speaking grandly and at length of the phoenix, gave, as Sheridan said, "a poulterer's description of it." Waller made use of this simile before Byron, and Eschylus before Waller. We cannot lay our pen on the places where they use it. Moore, in his poem of "Corruption," has been at the eagle too, and employing the selfsame simile, but in a single judicious couplet:—

"Like a young eagle who has lent his plume  
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom."

Doubtless this idea, as well as most of those we mention, has passed through more poets' brains than we remember, or have met with.

Churchill wrote,—

"The gods, a kindness I with thanks repay,  
Had formed me of another sort of clay;"

before Byron said, in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*,

"I am not altogether of such clay  
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey."

In the epithet he has applied to Galileo—"the starry Galileo"—he was anticipated by Ovid, who calls one of his friends *Sidereus Peto*. In his *Island*, which we think the most genial and pleasing of all his poems, and one written with the most careless ease, apparently, occur the lines,

"To-morrow for the *moor* we depart,  
But not to-night—to night is for the heart."

This sentiment seems to be that expressed in Horace's Ode to Manutius Plancus:—

"Nunc vino pellite curas;  
Cras ingens iterabimus equor."  
Now drown your cares in wine,  
To-morrow we shall traverse the great brine.

Talking of Horace—it strikes us that we find a sentiment of Hamlet's very nearly expressed in the Ode to Venus, third book,—

"Me nec femina, nec puer,  
Jam nec spes animi credula mutui,  
Nec certare juvat mero."

The dreamy Dane says:—

"Man delights not me, nor woman neither," &c.

And Tommy Moore seems to have caught an idea from the Ode to Melpomene:—

"Totum muneris hoc tui est,  
Quod monstror digito prætereuntium  
Romæ fidicen lyrae.  
Quod spiro et placeo (si placeo) tuum est."

In the song, *Dear Harp of my Country*, Moore sings:—

"If the songs of the patriot soldier or lover  
Have throbbed at our lay, 'twas thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind passing carelessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own."

The Irish poet, with that fanciful and figurative genius of his, has raised the thought into an image, in a manner at once very true and very beautiful. In another of his songs he has the thought of a man, with his eyes fixed on heaven, tumbling into a brook. This he took from the Clerk of Oxenford's Tale in the *Canterbury Pilgrims*; and Chaucer himself borrowed it from the ancients, for the story is told of the Greek philosopher, Thales.

Byron, in his description of the Shipwreck, speaks of one

"Who begged Pedrillo for an absolution,  
Who bid him go, be damned—in his confusion!"

This piece of comedy is taken from Rabelais—where Panurge, in the consternation aboard ship, makes the very same reply to somebody. Rabelais has been a very convenient storehouse for those who came after him. He is such a dirty author that people thought themselves safe from the detection of the general eye when they took from him, and took the more on that account. A great many of our current witticisms, proverbs, and sayings, can be found in that old literary *olla podrida*. The phrase "sinews of war," meaning money, belongs to Rabelais. We discovered it in Fuller once, and thought we had the *fons et origo* of the saying; but we soon found that the quaint old fellow stole it. The lines in *Don Juan*, about Donna Inez,—

"Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,  
And saw his agonies with such sublimity,  
That all the world exclaimed, what magnanimity!"

contain Swift's sentiment,

"When we are lashed, they kiss the rod,  
Resigning to the will of God."

It is generally known, that the line dedicated to the double renown of our Benjamin Franklin—

"Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis,"—

was adapted by Turgot, Minister of Finance to Louis XVI., from the following line in the Anti-Lucretius of Cardinal Polignac,—

"Eripuit cælo fulmen Phœboque sagittas."

But the expression had a farther transmigration—an anterior source. It was first used, with a difference, by Marcus Manilius, thus:

"Eripuit Jove fulmen, viresque Tonanti."

This comprehensive legend, which so well becomes Franklin's scutcheon, was of slow growth. Its application was a felicitous effort of Turgot's erudite memory. To a similar effort on the part of another mere statesman, Lord Nelson was indebted for his motto, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*. Lord Shelburne remembered the following lines of one of Jortin's naval odes,—

"Concurrent paribus cum ratibus rates;  
Spectent Numina ponti, et  
Palmam qui meruit ferat,"

and pitched on the last. This was a tame sort of blazon for so original a hero. In fact, his true motto is not on the coronet, but on the poops of all battle-ships, "England expects every man will do his duty." Nelson was famous for reviving in the strategy of modern

sea-engagements, the famous old *deicplus* of the Greeks—the "breaking of the line," and lapping part of the hostile array in a double fire. This was the very movement which distinguished the warfare of Napoleon—the victor on another element. The latter practised the plan of directing wedge-like columns against the enemy; and in this lay the secret of his greatest victories. But though Napoleon was too much of an original to be a plagiarist in war, except in the sense of *fas est ab hoste doceri*, he would adopt a great many sayings and doings of others, to produce the finer effect on occasion. One instance of this was as follows. Being crowned King of Italy, at Milan, he took the Iron Crown of Charlemagne in his own hands, and lifting it to his head, said, "*Dieu me l'a donnée; gare à qui la touche!*" This epic saying was plagiarised from a hero who

"Rolled, blazed, destroyed, and was no more,"

before the Corsican's time—to wit, Charles XII. of Sweden. The impetuous young Swede wrote under a map of the city of Riga, the words, "*Dieu me l'a donnée, le diable ne me l'otera pas!*" The last is by far the more emphatic saying. The antithesis of it is so hearty, so irreverently vigorous, that Napoleon's paraphrase sounds feeble in comparison. Charles traced the lines directly from his feelings; Napoleon used the words for the dramatic effect, which he cultivated so much in most things. *Cetera desunt*.



## MILTON.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

On bard, what thought upon thy mortal eyes  
There fell no glimmering ray of earthly light,  
And the deep shadow of eternal night  
Shut from thy gaze our lovely earth and skies,  
Yet was it to thy spirit's vision given,  
To gaze upon the splendours of that shore,  
Eye had not seen nor heart conceived before;

Then didst thou, Poet Laureate of Heaven,  
Sing of those courts, and of that angel host,  
Of that majestic fiend who dared in vain,  
Who warred and fell never to rise again;  
And of that Paradise so early lost,  
In strains "posterity shall not let die,"  
In "thoughts that wander through Eternity."



# NORTHERN LOVES AND LEGENDS.

## No. I.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

"WONDERS are no more, and magicians have now no power," is a common saying in our days. Still there is a wonder, which at least once comes to almost every human heart, with transforming, with enchanting power. Whenever it comes, it comes as a golden Aurora, with morning dews in her hair, resplendent with promises of a sunlit day. To the heart where it comes, all things become new. It is a Proteus, and takes at times all shapes, but has only one object. It is a fierce tyrant, and a meek lamb; it is unreasonable and yet full of wisdom; it is playful and wilful, yet full of earnest will; it gives beauty, grace, eloquence to objects else devoid thereof; it is a little child, but makes strong minds bend and bow; it comes as a baby, but rises at once into a giant; it is the core and life of every written romance, and the great romance of human life would be dull without it. It is, in fact, its innermost life and flower, as well as it is the flower of nature's life. That wonder and magician we know by the name of *Love*.

When earth covers itself with leaves and flowers, and its breath is all softness and fragrance, when the ocean glistens with fire, then the wonder works in them; when the flowers are in their highest beauty, when the corn and the grass put forth their silk, and their tassels smoke in the breeze, then the wonder works in them; when the birds array themselves in their gayest plumage and begin their songs, when the bear and the lion moan as doves, and the tiger roars in wild tenderness, then they feel the touch of the magician. When man and woman have drawn to one another with indescribable charm, then the charmer is working in them. When mankind did sing (as it did once), that the supreme spirit was come to the soul of humanity, as a bridegroom to the bride, to wed her, to impart unto her a new life, then it sung of the wonder of wonders, of the great romance of human life—(in which romance all other romances are as chapters and episodes)—once accomplished in humanity, and for ever to be renewed in every human soul.

But the ancients were wise when they, in human loves, distinguished loves of several kinds, and gave another dignity to Eros than to Cupido; and again another to several little Amours, often very wicked little good-for-nothings, flying about, laughing and lying, send-

ing out their arrows at random, without wisdom or purpose, always on the wing, as the humming-birds, dipping their bills in the calyces of the flowers, just to drink their honey and decamp. There is a great difference between these mischievous fellows and the child we have spoken of, who at once grows up into a strong man, and often even transforms itself into the celestial Eros, who makes men god-like, and the finite infinite. Every time and every clime has erected altars to that Eros as to a god, indeed; and has recorded in songs and tales the wonders he wrought. Flowers have grown in his footsteps on the broadway of history, marking the lonely path of mortal lovers with immortal radiance.

Do we not all know of the loves of Abelard and Heloise? Are they not ashes long ago, these hearts, these loves? Yet, when we read again their letters, we feel the ashes burning on our throbbing hearts. By their glow, they glow anew. And Laura and Petrarca, Dante and Beatrice—do we not all treasure the memories of these pure and constant loves, transforming men into angels, and this mortal life into a poem of immortal beauty? And if we look farther up, on our globe, towards that cold Scandinavia, where the aurora borealis dances round the snow-clad earth, we will hear among the old songs most precious to the people, the loves of *Sigurd and Brunhilda*, of *Hagbard and Signe*, and we will see the flames of the funeral piles which consumed these true lovers, reflected in the hearts of the Northmen, as fire of their fire, life of their life. These passion-flowers, these grandifloras of the human heart, float down the stream of time, from age to age, ever young, ever fresh, commanding our respect, our tears, making our hearts bleed and beat anew for hearts and sorrows bleeding even centuries ago.

But there is in that old North, so rich in love and legends, a love story, an old tradition, which seems to me even more powerful than those glowing tragic songs. It is written in prose, and in few words. It is as follows:

"When Nanna (the wife of Baldar the good) saw her deceased husband on the burning ship which was to be his funeral pile, her heart burst."\*

\* Snorro Sturleson's Edda.

And with that simple story, we have drawn nearer to the love-stories of our times. Love is now no more, as in former ages, clad in armour, in fiery passion maddened by impediments, pursuing its course with sword and flames. A gentler spirit has breathed over earth, breathes in human breasts. Gentler, yes; but not less true, not less strong and tender. What in former ages was most vital, most deep in love, exists now as then, yea, may be said to be the chief love of our days. And to-day, as in the days of Hagbard and Signe, the lover not overcome by twenty strong men, will be bound by a single hair of his mistress's head; to-day, as in the days of Baldar and Nanna, the heart of the loving wife will not complain, but *burst* when her true love and husband is taken from her by evil powers.

We think, in fact, that love in our times has deepened, become more spiritualised and pure. Passion becomes affection, tenderness, and flowers in the domestic affections, converting homes into earthly paradises, and making man's mind more and more fit for the paradise of heaven.

It may be said that the development of love within *married life* is the chief romance of our days, as well as it unquestionably is one of the highest problems of human life. Then the crown of love is not perfect without the gem of constancy.

There is in Sweden a flower generally called "old love." Its flowers are white and elegant, its leaves and whole structure of the most refined delicacy and grace; it is of long life, and keeps fresh even under the snow. And we have seen there, as well as here, old couples where the love, symbolized in the plant, was all real, where the grace and charm of love flowered as fresh and charming as ever between mate and mate, in a thousand instances, and gave reality to the fable of that beautiful old couple, to whom the gods came as guests, and who, on their prayer not to survive one another, received the gift of immortal union.

It was such loves that the great English bard had in view when he sang:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.\*

\* Shakespeare's Sonnets.

It was such a marriage which the Swedish seer (Swedenborg) saw in one of his visions, and describes so:

"I saw a chariot driving in the upper sky, through the pure morning air. It seemed to me at first that but one individual, radiant and beautiful, was sitting in it; but as the vision drew nearer, I saw that they were two, man and woman, sitting side by side. They seemed full of happiness, and so beautiful that it seemed to me they hardly could become more so. But when they turned to one another, they began to radiate, as if covered all over with jewels, and became so resplendent and beautiful that I could hardly bear their sight, and again the two seemed to mingle into one, and to be one single individual, all shining with light."

There are minds who are born, as it were, married, born double; there are also minds born single and to a single life, (so it seems to me, and so I believe,) as well as there is in the firmament above us double stars always revolving round one another, and single stars revolving about their own axes and the great central sun, who leads and inspires all, both double and single stars. And if they are not inspired by that central sun, life, Eros, call it how you will, they are nothing, and are lost in the abyss of space.

It is charming to think that in every vale, in every village of this our earth, we may find loves and lives corresponding with the pictures of the poet and the seer, and that every one of the little homes we see on the banks of our rivers and lakes, or in the shelter of our forests, may harbour the god we have spoken of, the immortal Eros.

I love to hear love stories, and I love to tell them. Then, apart from the interest they have for the human heart, they have always something new, something fresh and original about them, which puts to shame the old saying of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun. With every new love some new incidents, some new combinations come up. There is a fresh breeze over the waters of the Dead Sea; in the desert a fountain gushes forth; and under the snow of the Arctic circle the Norna Borealis is born.\*

We should more look to these everyday wonders. And I believe that if everybody, (who is anybody, that is, a true human mind,) would fairly and truly tell us his own love-story, (be it that of earthly or heavenly love,) we would have a great deal more good and truly original novels than now are to be found in the world.

\* A little beautiful and rare flower, of the family of the Cypripedias.

If I now proceed to make you acquainted with some love stories out of real life in my own country, it is in hope of hearing some of yours again, and so to make us feel our autumn and winter fires more genial, and make us more desire our union round one common central fire—whose name I shall not tell. Then in this far-off land you will find, as well as here, all the several loves I have spoken of,—the playful

child growing into a strong man, the little, wicked, good-for-nothing Amorinos, and the heavenly Eros, making the heart of man and his love, too big for this little bit of space and time, and thereby prophesying their immortality. I will begin with the good-for-nothings, and at the same time introduce to you an old friend of mine, who will tell us his story.

(To be given in the next number.)



## THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY THE REV. ROBERT DAVIDSON, D.D.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs.  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

BURNS.

I LOVE the Ayrshire ploughman, strong and bright,  
As his own share that spared the daisy's blush:  
What peals of merriment tumultuous rush  
At thought of Tam and Alloway's wild night,  
The drouthy skellum, and his maudlin fright!  
Pensive the strain, and soft as evening's hush,  
When Highland Mary bids the teardrop gush,

Or Nature's praise inspires a mild delight.  
Nor less to memory dear the charming scene  
Of the douce Cotter's modest, happy home;  
The patriarch's lyart locks and reverent mien,  
The artless anthem, and the sacred tome,  
A Household Altar, with a glory sheen  
That seldom gilds the proud cathedral's dome.





## SELF-MADE MEN.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY JOHN STARTWELL, ESQ.

WE sometimes pause in our rural walks to gaze upon a birch tree, whose parent seed happened to fall upon the top of a huge rock. It found there a little soil, but as it grew, it felt as if it must have more or perish. So it sent its roots down over the cold rock till they reached the earth, which they pierced, and thence drew up nutriment. The leaves of the tree are beautifully green, and its tall form lifts its head high up above the surrounding trees, and it seems as if its very difficulties gave it strength, symmetry, and beauty. One would think that, even if decision and energy could give it life, it must be dwarfish in its proportions, and that the coarse feelers, and the feelers alone, would claim our admiration. But a more graceful tree stands not in the forest.

George N. Briggs, the present chief magistrate of Massachusetts, was of humble, but honourable parentage. His education was obtained in one of those little schoolhouses which the traveller finds once in a mile or two through the State; in which every child is welcome. His parents were unable to give him anything more than the elements of education. He then went into a mechanic's shop to learn a trade, and little more is known of

his early history, till he emerged, and entered the bar in Berkshire, a fair-dealing, honourable, and frank-hearted young lawyer. In New England the question is never asked whether a man has money and friends, but, "What *is* he? what can he *do*? what is his character?" Young Briggs made no sudden strides towards fame or popularity. But he possessed certain natural endowments of which he made the best possible use. There was nothing striking about him. He had not the decision which says, "I will be heard, I will be felt, I will be great, and the world shall feel my power," but his is the decision which says, "I will do right, I will be honourable, I will be kind and sympathizing with all." No one was too poor, too low, or too much despised to receive from him a cordial shake of the hand, a word of kindness, a glance of pity, or an attentive ear to the sorrows of the desolate heart; and this he did, not because he sought for popularity, but because he could not help it—it was his nature. At the foundation of a character that can rise, and sustain itself so long and so highly, there must undoubtedly be great decision; but the overflowings of a kind heart, in his case, are so abundant, that they conceal all the iron of

his decisiveness. It is not the engine crying, "Let me feed on fire, and I will make the earth tremble under my tread," but the voice of the gentle dew that says, "In heat or cold you will always find me in my place, refreshing the lowliest herb as well as the rarest flower."

In personal appearance Governor Briggs is about six feet high, finely proportioned, natural and dignified in his movements, and in his countenance there beams unconcealable benevolence. Whether in solemn repose, as when some great question occupies his thoughts; whether illumined in public speaking, or when kindling with smiles while entertaining his friends in the social circle, it is the same sweet, open face, which no one can see without loving. His dress is plain, to a proverb, yet without affectation. In the great military parades it is amusing, nay it is a sublime, sight to see Boston Common waving with plumes and flags, and the officers in uniforms unsurpassed in richness, surrounding the Governor in his plain citizen's dress, without an ornament or badge of any kind about his person. His eye is mild, though, as it falls upon you, it seems to look deep, and it does. For, next to his urbanity, you are struck with his power of reading men. Perhaps this is his great power. It seems to be intuitive with him, and it is so wonderful that we have sometimes felt that it must be another sense. Seldom, we believe, does he make a mistake. Not that he shoots the moment the bushes move, but he never shoots, to use a sportsman's phrase, without bagging the game. Added to this knowledge of human nature, Governor Briggs has remarkable powers of conversation. With a memory whose hooks are steel, he never forgets an anecdote, never tells it in the wrong place or time, and never breaks off its point. We have never met an individual who can throw a richer charm over a circle of friends than he. Yet he never repeats an anecdote which can wound the feelings of any human being, and if the story can make himself the ludicrous object, he never spares. As a public speaker his voice is mild and sweet, his ideas always appropriate and interesting, his gestures good, and his heart is so much in his theme that he is often very powerful. We have said he has a heart of kindness. It is real with him. No funeral among his neighbours is so humble, no sick one so unworthy, that he is kept away. The poor man, black or white, virtuous or wicked, feels that "Mr. Briggs is a nice, kind man," and will go to him with his troubles. No one ever asked a favour of him without feeling that he was the one who had the enjoyment, if it was in his power to bestow it, and no one ever turned away empty, when it was in his power to grant the favour.

The reader is prepared to believe that Governor Briggs is an exceedingly popular man. We have never known a public man more universally so. The foundations of this popularity are honesty and benevolence. If appointments are to be made, he not unfrequently confers them on those who politically oppose him. And men have been set up as candidates against him who were enjoying some of the richest offices in the state, and bestowed by his hand. Judges, and officers of almost all ranks, being suitable men for the office, are hardly less likely to receive an appointment from him, because they differ in politics. While uniform and decided in his own political sentiments, he is no partisan, and carries no war of extermination against those who are not with him. The common people almost worship Governor Briggs. He is from them, he is with them, he is one of them. Conscientious in the belief that intoxicating liquors are the cause of immense mischief and misery, and that every man of influence ought to use that influence against them, he has never swerved from the total abstinence principle, whether at Washington, Boston, at home, or in the Governor's chair; and has never neglected the opportunity of being a most eloquent advocate of temperance.

When called to perform a duty which clashes with his feelings, he never flinches. We all know that he was receiving by the bushel letters, petitions, and papers in reference to the late Webster case in Boston; and some said it was not in human nature to resist the appeals and influence which were used to affect his decision, but those who understood Governor Briggs knew that Old Greylock, under whose shadows he was cradled, would move as soon, and yet we all knew that no heart on earth could feel more deeply the pain of doing his duty.

Whoever visits the Governor will find him, a little out on the sunset side of the beautiful village of Pittsfield, in a modest brick house, built by a good New England deacon for his own home, with no pretensions of any kind above his neighbours. His little farm is managed by John, the Irishman, and the one-horse cart. And whoever calls on him will go away with the feeling that the MAN is something higher than office or political station. We believe that he loves the approbation of his fellow-citizens, and it would not be human not to; but we believe that it is principle, not ambition, that governs his life. He has demonstrated that a man may be conscientiously, and strictly, and consistently, a religious man, without losing influence or office; nay, that his generation will place more confidence in him on that account.

*Is Governor Briggs a great man?*

We reply, that must depend entirely on your standard of greatness. If to rise up, uneducated, self-made, in a district of eighty thousand people, second to none on the face of the earth for intelligence and virtue, and to represent that people and district in Congress for twelve years consecutively, and then dropped because he would serve no longer; if to be elected to the chair of the Chief Magistrate of the old Bay State nearly half a score of years, and still the commonwealth demands that he retain the post; if to pass through some of the most trying scenes a magistrate can possibly encounter, without a reproach or the shadow of blame resting on him; if to administer the affairs of a great and intelligent state, whose credit in Europe is higher than that of any state or nation in the world, and yet never to have made a mistake which can be quoted against him; if in every position in which you have ever found him, he does well, exceedingly well;—if to do all this is to be great, then Governor Briggs is a great man. There is not, to be sure, any one trait or angle of character that juts out more prominently than the rest; but there is a combined simplicity, dignity, and symmetry, that makes up a great character. He is like a monument, in which you see no

one stone remarkable for size and colour, but as a whole, you feel that it is beautifully symmetrical, and will be admired for a long time to come.

And if Mr. Briggs may go through life, and go down to his grave, with his present noble character, we feel sure that many will rise up and call him blessed, and his memory will ever linger in the Bay State as something to be honoured, loved, and imitated.

We love to present to the young men of our country an example so worthy of imitation,—which demonstrates so conclusively that under our institutions no poor boy, in the vale of poverty, need have a moment's hesitation in fixing his mark high, with the certainty that it depends on himself alone to say what he will be. Let him say that whatever duty comes before him, however humble, he will meet it cheerfully and perform it well; that he will not wait for great occasions in which he may achieve some great deed, but will do the first and the second and every duty according to the best of his ability. Let him remember that it depends on himself whether he shall be respected or not; and that a course of well-doing will most assuredly be rewarded with respect and with honours.

## LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

JANUARY.

BY HENRIETTE A. HADRY.

(See Engraving in front.)

"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.  
Toll ye the church-bells sad and slow,  
And tread softly, and speak low,  
For the old year lies a dying.  
Old year, you must not die!  
You came to us so readily,  
You stayed with us so steadily,  
Old year, you must not die!"

THERE is a melancholy spell thrown around the parting hours of the year that few care to resist. As we sit, musingly conjuring up the changing scenes that marked its progress, we recognise more vividly the onward march of time. The interval seems so brief since, twelve months gone by, we visioned forth a thousand schemes for the coming year, that mock us in the memory of their unfulfilment. We have grown older, much older perchance, if "we count time by heart-throbs;" it may be we have lost something of enthusiasm, of truthfulness, of undoubting faith.

"Lost the dream of Doing,  
And the other dream of Done;  
The first spring in the pursuing,  
The first hope in the Begun,  
First recoil from incompletion,  
In the face of what is won."

At such a time, well may mournful memories exclude all lighter feelings,—

"Thoughts that the soul has kept  
In silence and apart;  
And voices we have pined to hear,  
Through many a long and lonely day,  
Come back upon the dreaming ear,  
From gravelands far away;



And gleams look forth of spirit eyes,  
Like stars along the darkening skies!"

And while the heart heaves with the fond  
yearning for that which cannot be recalled,—

"For the tender grace of a day that is dead,  
And never comes back,"—

for the pure ideal of youth, half forgotten in  
the selfish aims, the harassing cares of daily  
experience, while the

"Breast, like echo's haunted hall,  
Is filled with murmurs of the past,  
Ere yet its 'gold was dim,' and all  
Its 'pleasant things' laid waste!  
From whose sweet windows never more  
May look the sunny soul of yore!"

Even then the bells ring out joyously to an-  
nounce the birth of the New Year! But vainly  
do they chime a merry tune, for there are  
strangely mournful echoes sounding ever and  
anon through their gladness, and the night-  
wind sighs a requiem that finds a sympathetic  
response in our own spirits.

The old year has been gathered to the sepulchre of Meted Time, and in the welcome we give to the new, sprang phoenix-like from the ashes of its predecessors, Memory stands side by side with Hope, and chastens the joy with which we greet the untried future. It was a custom with the Jews, when they built their houses, to leave some part unfinished, thus commemorating the ruin and desolation of their city. "Not that they therefore built the less, nor the less cheerfully, but that in the midst of their very amplest accommodations they preserved a perpetual and salutary reference to the evil of their condition, as a useful check to mere worldliness."

Give full scope to the tender sadness of the hour; but if it bringeth only hopeless repinings, time's lesson hath been vainly taught. Let it be sanctified by calm reflection, by high communion, by the firm resolve to do, to

"Act in the living present,  
Heart within, and God o'erhead;"

to throw aside and for ever the cumbrous weakness of procrastination; to learn fully to estimate the meaning of the little word now.

"The crisis of man's destiny is now, a still recurring danger."

Ever will the records of past years be marked by a melancholy list of unfulfilled promises, when those promises of the heart depend not on the energy and will of to-day working out success, but trust to the morrow for completion; to chance, to fate, to anything that may save the necessity for immediate action, "heedless that each breath is burdened with a bidding, and every minute hath its mission." There may be records, too, of hopes once fondly cherished, that in the very fulness of realization yielded but disappointment. But were

they not "of the earth, earthy," wanting strength, wanting truth, wanting love? This very disappointment—

"These pinings that disclose  
The native soul is higher  
Than what it chose,"—

if rightly understood, impels us to a loftier course.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal.  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day!

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait."

The name of January is beautifully appropriate for the first month of the year. It is derived from Janus, a Roman deity represented with two faces, signifying a knowledge of the Future as well as the Past.

"Old Janus doth appear  
Peeping into the future year,  
With such a look as seems to say,  
The prospect is not good that way."

Thus, while haunted "by the prophetic fear of things," would the first aspect greet the view, but with more cheerful lookings on—

"The sight,  
Better informed by clearer light,  
Discerns serenity in that brow  
That all contracted seemed but now.  
His reversed face may show distaste,  
And frown upon the ills are past,  
But that which this way looks is clear,  
And smiles upon the new-born year."

Janus was the god of gates and avenues, and held a key in his right hand and a rod in the left, symbolical of his mission to open and rule the year. Sometimes he was represented with four heads, and placed in a temple with four sides, and three windows in each,—emblems of the seasons and months that were subject to his sway.

The first of January was instituted as a religious festival by the followers of Christ, in the latter part of the fifth century. The practice of making presents on that day was a Roman observance, in vogue before the Christian era. The Druids used to cut the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, and with very imposing ceremonies, distribute the branches as New Year's gifts. Dates and figs covered with leaf of gold, and a piece of money to purchase statues for deities, were the usual pre-

sents made at that time. The custom was much abused in later ages, by kings and potentates extorting contributions from their subjects. Latimer put into the hands of Henry VIII. a New Testament, instead of a purse of gold, as was expected, with the leaf doubled down at a place selected with care for his edification.

The exchange of tokens of affection and friendship on this day, is more general in different parts of Europe than in America. In Paris, where it is termed, *par excellence*, "Le Jour de l'An," it is said not to be unusual for persons to expend a fifteenth of their yearly income in honour of the occasion.

There are evils connected with this time-honoured fashion, that are certainly to be condemned. But it can be made the medium for the display of considerate kindness, for the bestowal of favours that shall be free from awkwardness and oppressive sense of obligation to the recipient. And well hath it been written, "Evil is the charity that humbleth." In no way may true refinement and delicacy be evidenced better than in the exercise of liberality. To give is not sufficient. To feel with the poor is required, to yield to their misfortunes the meed of sympathy and respect; for carelessly scattered alms win no blessing.

"I saw a beggar in the street, and another beggar pitied him;  
Sympathy sank into his soul, and the pitied one felt happier;

Anon passed by a cavalcade, children of wealth and gaily;  
They laughed, and looked upon the beggar, and the gallants flung him gold;  
He, poor spirit-humbled wretch, gathered up their givings with a curse,  
And went to share it with his brother, the beggar who had pitied him."

The annual return of Christmas week is looked forward to by children with the most unbounded delight. It brings them emancipation from school; toys and sweetmeats in endless succession within doors, and happy sports in the open air. There is no monitory voice to check their glee as they carelessly cross the viewless boundary that separates the present from the past; the sunshine of their hearts is unclouded by a shade of care. But, to a spectator predisposed to melancholy, and determined to find a theme for sorrowful contemplation in every scene, their favourite play amid the snow is sufficiently suggestive. The mimic warfare, where brother is opposed to brother in the strife,—the shouts of triumph that greet the victor,—the jeers that are the portion of the vanquished, unsympathized with in defeat,—the building of their snow palaces, that melt before their sight, a prelude to the still less substantial edifices that are constructed in many a revery of youth,—the raising of their snow kings, and placing a sceptre in the hands of the puppets of their own creation;—all could be made to point a moral, that those who run may read.

## MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

(See Engraving.)

LADY, in the hours  
Of thy youthful glee,  
In thy thoughtless girlhood,  
When thy heart was free,  
When thy step was lightest  
In the mazy dance,  
And of bright ones round thee,  
Thine the merriest glance,  
Wert thou ever happier?  
Or than now more blest,  
With thy sweet babe nestling  
On thy snowy breast?

By full many a token  
Thou dost answer, No!  
Though from those silent lips  
Not a word may flow.  
By the serious sweetness  
Of thy fair, young face,  
By thine eyes' clear azure,  
By the tender grace  
Of thy fond caresses,  
Well we know thou art  
Moving in the sunlight  
Of a happy heart.

Yet oh, fair young mother,  
Care thy guest will be,  
With the precious treasure  
God hath given thee!  
Close beside thy pathway,  
Walking evermore,  
With a steadfast purpose,  
Never known before;  
Keeping watch in darkness,  
Haunting thee by day,  
Hovering o'er thy pillow,  
Chasing sleep away!

Dost thou shrink, young mother?  
Wouldst thou turn aside  
From the path before thee,  
Leaving it untried?  
Ah, its very sorrows  
Shall be sweeter far,  
Than the choicest pleasures  
Of thy girlhood were!  
What though care be near thee?  
Love is nearer still,  
Bearing all thy burdens  
With a right good will!

## THE PRAYER OF MARMADUKE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

DAME ELLINOR rose up from her bed,  
A little past midnight up she rose,  
And "Oh, this dream of mine," she said,  
"Of surety, evil chance foreshows.

"And woe is me, my honoured lord,  
That you are heedless of your own,  
Nor loving thoughts to them award—  
But ah! the heart of man is stone.

"But even if false to me you were,  
My steadfast heart has kept its truth;  
And 'twas an evil counsellor,  
My lord, that did misguide your youth.

"Three years have now by me been spent  
In woe and watching, since the day  
When to the court of France you went:—  
I thought not then of this delay!

"Tis said the young Queen loves you well,  
And scatters favours on your path;  
Alas, my dream doth woe foretell,  
Some coming woe to you, some scath."

Thus in the silence of the night  
She to her mournful heart gave way,  
Then turned unto the pillows white,  
Whereon her maiden daughter lay.

"Ah! would," said she, "you were a man,  
To travel far to cross the main;  
That you might undertake some plan  
To win your father home again!

"Or would I were a childless wife,  
Whose life had but one love at stake;  
So would I sacrifice that life,  
A ransom for my dear lord's sake."

With that upsprung young Marmaduke,  
From the little bed whereon he lay;  
"I have heard your words, dear mother," he spoke,  
"And let me go to France, I pray!

"I will up and ride by day's first glance,  
Will up and sail across the sea;  
I will hie me to the court of France,  
And bring my father back with me!"

"Alas!" his mother said, "my child,  
The way is long with wood and wold,  
Mountain and sea,—a journey wild,  
And thou art scarcely seven years old!"

"Oh heed not that, sweet mother!" he spake;  
"And of my travail take no heed:  
God will my journey prosperous make—  
I know that I can do this deed.

"I feel a strength within my arm;  
I feel a strength within my soul;  
I know that I shall take no harm,  
That God will keep me through the whole.

Amazed, the mother answered then:  
"If God will keep thee, all is right!  
Now lie thee down and sleep again,  
Lie down and sleep till morning light."

Then up called she her maidens three,  
Before the dawning day begun;  
And up the three rose speedily,  
Much marvelling what was to be done.

Dame Ellinor she took costly silk,  
And velvet rich and cramosie,  
And Holland lawn, as white as milk,  
And laid them all before the three.

"Now, maidens, let my will be done:  
A goodly dress make ye with care,  
Well fitted to Marmaduke, my son,  
Such as a king's first-born might wear."

And so they wrought with mickle thought,  
The skilfullest maidens in the land,  
And soon to an end their work was brought;  
Then the mother took him by the hand,

And she clothed him in a Holland sark,  
The finest that the loom could spin,  
And a snow-white collar of needle-work  
She pinned on with a diamond pin.

His jerkin was of the Lincoln green,  
Short skirted, plaited many a fold,  
And the belt that around his waist was seen  
Was clasped with a heavy clasp of gold.

Again she took him by the hand,  
And thus she spake to an ancient Knight:  
"As I have told you, trusty friend,  
Be ready to ride with morning's light.

"And here is Marmaduke, my son;  
And, with God's blessing, good Sir Hugh,  
Soon as the matin prayer is done,  
He shall be ready to ride with you.

"And as you see him now attired,  
In this fair dress of Lincoln green,—  
Which must by woman be admired,—  
Let him appear before the Queen.

"What then shall happen, I must leave  
To God alone: but this I know,  
That He will not my trust deceive,—  
And in His name I bid ye go!

"As to the journey hard and long,  
I but repeat what I have said;  
Still bear in mind that he is young,  
And never yet hath travelled,

"And that one tender-aged as he  
May haply weary long ere you;  
Therefore take rest at the hostelry  
Of each good town ye travel through.



"And lack ye time, be up and fare  
As soon's ye list by morning light;  
But, good Sir Hugh, by a mother's prayer,  
Ride never long nor late at night.

"Nor take a road, because 'tis short,  
Through woods remote or gloomy chases;  
Nor ever, day or night, resort  
To wayside inns in lonesome places;

"For 'tis well known that murders dire  
Oft in such houses have been done;  
Eschew all danger, nor bring nigher  
To ill men, than may be, my son.

"But should he fall sick by the way,—  
May God forfend such woeful need,—  
Him to a holy house convey,  
And hasten back for me with speed.

"And when in London town ye be,  
Delay not; make no longer stay  
Than ye would at the hostelry  
Of any town upon the way.

"For London folk are full of guile;  
And more than this, I would not fain,  
That my lord's son should cause a smile  
Among the heartless courtier train.

"Thou know'st the king is not his friend,  
And he has many a foe at Court;  
Keen, witty foes! And Heaven forfend  
That of the boy they made their sport.

"And when the end of fair England  
Is reached, ye'll come unto the sea;  
And mind ye, only quit the strand  
With wind as fair as it may be.

"And cross not in a crazy boat,  
Nor yet in a new one trust the tide;  
For the crazy boat a wreck may float,  
And the new one it has not been tried.

"And when ye come to the realm of France,  
As I hold you for a man discreet,  
With cautious, prudent care advance,  
Yet courteously the people greet,

"Lest strife and jarrings should accrue,  
In a tongue you little understand;  
And if ill chanced, what would you do  
With this young child in that far land!

"Once more, may He, the Blessed One,  
Still counsel you as shall be best!—  
The sun is set, the night wears on,  
Now hasten to your needful rest."

They took good rest, the boy and the Knight,  
But little rest had the anxious lady;  
And when they rose with morning's light,  
They found all things were waiting ready.

Like a little knight she booted her son,  
And buckled on a golden spur;  
And his cloak was the warmest e'er was spun,  
And was trimmed with the costly minever.

And so she watched the twain depart,  
Through the portal tall she watched them ride;  
And she blessed, with all the mother's heart,  
The fair boy and his trusty guide.

Her step was free, unbent her brows,  
Her cheeks with flushing crimson burned,  
As she passed the people of her house,  
And back into her room returned.

Now twenty days, o'er smooth and rough  
They went, the boy and good Sir Hugh;  
And they rested 'neath the hostel roof  
Of each good town they travelled through.

And in each town as they rode on,  
The thronging people gazed and smiled,  
Saying, "Yonder rides some great Earl's son,"  
Or, "Blessings on that goodly child!"

And as through London town they hied,  
They met the King and nobles nine;  
Quoth the King to him who rode by's side,  
"I faith I would yon boy were mine!"

Then every lord, from first to last,  
Turned in his saddle with sudden spring;  
But not one lord of all who passed,  
Whose son he was could tell the King.

And when they came to Dover town,  
There did they rest one summer's day;  
And then all storm was overblown,  
And twenty ships in harbour lay.

And in a ship both stout and true,  
Before the morrow's sun went down,  
Young Marmaduke and good Sir Hugh  
Sailed safely into Calais town.

And onward, without let or blame,  
They rode, a joy in all men's sight;  
And everywhere they left the name  
Of "The fair child and courteous Knight."

And ere in Paris had come round  
The seventh day, they won such grace,  
That with the nobles most renowned  
They found a welcome and a place.

And ere seven suns had set and rose,  
The boy put on his vest of green,  
His velvet shoon and silken hose,  
And stood before the youthful Queen.

The Queen sate at a table fair,  
All richly jewelled was her dress,  
And a handsome man leant o'er her chair,  
And they two laughed and played at chess.

At length the merry Queen looked round,  
And "Ay, my lord," she said and smiled,  
"Yon pretty page where have you found?  
Come hither to me, thou handsome child!"

He bounded forth with lightsome tread,  
And bent upon his knee as soon;—  
"I'm page to no good lord," he said,  
"But I am come to crave a boon!"

"Be it a boon for foe or friend,"  
Said she, "I will not say thee nay!"  
Then earnestly he spake, "Oh send  
My father home with me, I pray!"

"And who of all my gentlemen  
Is he?" the merry Queen replied;  
"Or how may I your father ken  
From any gentleman beside!"

"You may know him, brave as any king,  
With good broadsword or tourney lance;  
And by the songs the people sing  
Of him in every town of France."

At this, as by a serpent stung,  
The Queen turned round: "How is this?" said she,  
"For songs, my lord, of you are sung,  
Of you, and of your bravery."

"You may know him by a surer thing,  
For the handsomest man in all the land;  
You may know him by a true-love ring,  
The which he wears on his right hand.

"The ring it was my mother's gift  
Upon her happy marriage day;  
A true-love ring, true love's own gift,  
Its posy this, 'Be true for aye!'"

At this the Queen rose up in wrath,  
And the English lord grew pale with dread;  
For the ring upon her hand she hath,  
And she gave him her own ring instead.

"My lord!" she said, "what may this mean?"  
And snatched the ring from off her hand;  
"How came you here to mock a Queen,  
And left a wife in your own land?"

"If you in England have a wife,  
A woman's will to you is known!  
By heaven! this joke shall cost your life;  
Your blood for this offence atone!"

"Shed not his blood!" the boy he cried,  
For his father spake no word at all;  
"Or my mother's dream will be verified,  
Which told that evil would befall!"

"What are your mother's dreams to me?"  
Exclaimed the Queen with jealous scorn;  
"His life is forfeit! he shall be  
A headless man ere morrow's morn!"

Scarce heard the boy these words of woe,  
When springing to his feet he cried,  
"Oh, say not so! I've a milk-white doe  
At home, and seven fleet stags beside:

"These will I give to save his life,  
The gentle doe and the stags so bold;  
And she will give, his faithful wife,  
Broad lands and store of good red gold!"

"But for God's love, be not so wroth!  
Or if my words have wrought him bane,  
My gentle mother may mourn us both,  
For I can never go home again!"

The Queen she had a woman's heart,  
And a woman's heart is easily wrung;  
And now in an altered voice she spake,  
"Is hour mother beautiful and young?"

"Your hair," he said, "is yellow as gold,  
My mother's is long and deeply brown;  
Your laugh is merry, your anger bold;  
She weeps, but is never seen to frown.

"And whither she come or whither she go,  
All hands to wait on her are ready;  
And old and young, and high and low,  
Pour blessings on so good a lady.

"And night and day she prays one prayer,—  
One only prayer both night and day,—  
'Tis that my father come to her:—  
Why does he keep so long away?"

"The fish is leaping in the mere;  
Upon the tall trees builds the hern;  
And in the park the unhunted deer  
Go tripping through the tawny fern.

"The bower he for my mother twined  
Is all with roses overblown;  
His favourite hound is old and blind,  
And Margery is a woman grown.

"Why does he stay so long away?—  
We love him, none can love so well!"  
And then no more the child could say,  
So many were the tears that fell.

The Queen she had a woman's heart,  
But like a royal Queen she stood,  
As thus she spake: "Let be! depart,  
Thou and this man, ere change my mood.

"But it is not for thy words so bold  
That I have pardoned his offence,  
Nor is it for thy mother's gold,  
But for thy childlike innocence."

The Earl, an English Earl was he,  
And such were ever proud of mien;  
Therefore he bowed nor head nor knee,  
And passed forth from before the Queen.

He took his young son by the hand,  
Nor word was spoken by the twain;  
The Earl his feelings could command—  
And straight their travel 'gan again.

And now they come to Calais town;  
And now the English coast they near;  
And now they rode by dale and down,  
Through England to their native shire.

The Earl he was an altered man,  
Absolved from sin by penance hard;  
And all the tender love he won  
Abased him in his own regard.

'Tis hard a pure life to maintain,  
But harder yet, when dulled by sin,  
To cleanse away the damning stain,  
And purify the heart within.

'Tis hard to fight an earthly fight,  
To come off victor in the strife;  
But harder still, whate'er our might,  
To conquer in the war of life.

The Earl of whom this tale is told,  
He was a conqueror in this wise:—  
Therefore let every heart be bold  
In combat with its enemies!

So God the Father keep us from fierce trial;  
So God the Son cleanse us from sin's assail;  
So God the Holy Ghost, without denial,  
Give us that grace which hell cannot despoil!  
Amen!

# THE DARK SIDE.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

"WE may predict a man's success in life from his spirits," says Mr. Emerson (*viva voce*, if not in his published lectures). Not from his *spirit*, surely, or so many of the loveliest would not be for ever toiling on the lower rounds of life's ladder, while those who know not what manner of spirit they are of, and would be ashamed to look the truth in the face if it were presented to them, are sitting coolly at the top, or waving their hats in triumph at the moist-browed throng below. A man's spirit—made up of his honesty, his meekness, his patience, his humility, his charity, his sympathy—will not insure his success, allowing the world to be judge of success, as it claims to be. Animal spirits go much further towards it; and, perhaps, Mr. Emerson meant these. They are the world's *sine qua non*. It never sympathizes with one's depression. Grief it can understand, because there is vivacity in grief. It respects passion, for passion has movement and energy. But the man who can be discouraged by any stroke of fate whatever, it sets down as a poltroon, and if it turn not the cold shoulder of contempt upon him, it either treats him as a foil, or a stepping-stone, or it goes round as if he had never existed.

This discipline of Mother World seems somewhat hard to the life-pupil. Like the rattan, or the slipper of nursery-training, it is rather pungent and irritating, for the time, than convincing or restorative. But like those balmy bitters, it saves a world of crude philosophizing when we have learned to consider it inevitable. As the rod furnishes the only royal road to learning, so the world's neglect offers the man who has not patience and courage for the beaten track, a short-cut to common sense; happy if egotism have not so befilmed his mental sight, that the iron finger points in vain the upward path!

These remarks, however, apply only to ordinary grumblers—the immense class of the great unappreciated, whose sense of their own merits wraps them all over like a cloak, so that outsiders may be excused if they pass by unconscious. There are others whose spirits fall below the tone required for the life-struggle, through mere tenderness and humility. These could be tolerably cheerful under their own troubles, if that were all; but it is a necessity

of their nature to become so completely interwoven with the fate and feelings of those whom they find about them, that no thread can be snapped without disturbing them. Their identity is diffused, as it were; they have a great frontier lying open to the enemy. Their house of life has so many windows for the sunshine, that every blast finds entrance. They become egotists through mere forgetfulness of self, since all the misfortunes of those they love are personal to them, and lead, like common egotism, to a morbid sensibility. We may exaggerate the troubles of our friends, as well as our own, and fall into despondency as proxy as well as principal.

This evil, being the result of experience, it must be cured, homœopathically, by more experience. Hard rubs have no place in the treatment of such cases. As "amiable" people are apt to be very obstinate, so amiable weaknesses defy all direct efforts at reform. If they do not cure themselves, they are hopeless. Their owners are the last to believe them troublesome or inconvenient, as the Valaisans are said to consider their habitual goitre rather an ornament than otherwise.

But we may, perhaps, better illustrate the idea which set our pen in motion, by a sketch of the circumstances under which a certain person, whom we may as well call John Todd as anything else, came to consider himself as being *de trop* in the world. He had some apology, as the reader will allow.

He was the eldest son in a household, whose head was just so much worse than the head of a bad pin that it did not come off, although decidedly of no use to any one, even the owner! Why such men are called to preside over tables badly covered in proportion as they are well surrounded, seems strange, but not so strange as the fact that they are apt to be quite jolly, rather personable, and particularly well-dressed people, full of wonder at the obstinate toiling and moiling of the world around them, and very severe upon the avarice of those who, having worked hard for their money, are disposed to be over-careful of it. They are always men of the most generous feelings; wishing for a million of dollars that they might have wherewithal to help everybody that needs help, and contriving ingenious plans of



relief for all those ills of life, which are supposed to lie within the curative powers of ready cash. As to their own means of living, they are invariably on the brink of becoming suddenly rich; either by the death of an uncle who went to sea when he was a boy, and has never been heard of since, and therefore must come home a nabob; or by the advanced value of land in the Northwest Territory, bought of the Indians at the rate of a gallon of whiskey the quarter section, twenty years ago, and on which no taxes have as yet been demanded; or from the success of an entirely new branch of business, devised by the jolly man himself, and entered into with much zeal by his crony and *double*, Jack Thompson, who offers to be the outdoor partner, making the thing popular, by persuading people it is just what they want. Some form of "speculation" it must be; for this order of genius finds mere industry dreadfully slow.

John Todd, then, was the son of a gentleman, i. e., of a man who had nothing, and who did nothing, or next to nothing, for his living, yet lived very well, and entertained very high sentiments. We need hardly say that Mrs. Todd, the mother, who luckily had had a very small annuity, secured to her by the foresight of an elder brother, was one of those hard-working, devoted creatures, who seem to have no individual existence, but to have been born the adjunct and complement of such men. How and where she found bread for the family,—to say nothing of beef,—was a mystery to the neighbours, to whose apprehension Mr. Todd seemed to do nothing but soil white waistcoats and plaited shirt-frills, lest his wife should get out of business. Not but he went down town every day; that was one of the duties held sacred in his estimation. But what he did there no echo ever betrayed, though the dinner hour never failed to find him punctually at home, generally complaining of fatigue, or at least exhaustion. Mrs. Todd was generally too weary to come to the table, which her husband excused with great amenity, kindly advising her to lie down and take a nap, as he could make out very well, which he certainly did. Some people took it into their heads that he was the invalid who declined giving his little daughter the last half of the seventeenth dumpling, saying, "Papa's sick!" but this we cannot vouch for.

Children reared under such auspices are notably good and dutiful, and so were most of the youthful Todds; but John, being the oldest and ablest, and always his poor mother's right hand man, was the apex of the little pyramid, as well in character as in stature. Indeed, he never had any childhood. He occupied the position of confidential agent to his mother; a

sort of property-man and scene-shifter to the needy establishment, where so much was to be done with so little. These two held long whispered conferences with each other, of which the subjects seldom transpired—the debates, perhaps, of a committee of ways and means on pantaloons or potatoes. Mysterious signs and movements, nods and winks, would pass between them occasionally, followed by dartings hither and thither on the part of John, and uneasy glances at the door or window on that of his mother, while the Papa Todd sat reading the newspaper and fidgeted for his breakfast, and the children were all huddled about the kitchen fire, because they must not disturb their "poor father." It was a great thing to be so preserved from selfishness as that family was, by its head taking all the risks of indulgence on his own shoulders. The virtue of self-denial, so beautiful to look at, became habitual with most of the members; and the father regarded this excellent quality in his household with a serene complacency quite edifying to behold.

It was a time of great trial to the mother when John was considered old enough to be put to business, an epoch which arrived much earlier in the judgment of Mr. than of Mrs. Todd. "It ruins a boy to be brought up in idleness!" said he. "Idleness!" *thought* the mother, but she said nothing, and her beloved factotum was placed with a merchant, who looked at him with much the same sort of interest with which one regards a new broom or a pair of bellows, which come in to supply the place of a worn-out article of household service. Here was a new page of life for our poor little friend, who had always, amid the general dreariness of his lot, had

"Light upon him from his mother's eyes, at least."

Here were new duties, new and mocking faces, long, laborious days, uncheered by one kind word of encouragement, and a general consciousness that a boy in a store is only a necessary evil, out of whom it is everybody's business to get as much work as possible, by way of compensation for enduring his awkwardness. The boy had learned, somehow, that there is such a thing as fun in the world, and had even discovered some capacity for it in himself, though he had deferred the use of it under the emergencies of home-life. But he soon found there must be a still further postponement of the laughing era. All was grave about him, so grave that nothing short of a hyena could have ventured upon a laugh there, and poor John was anything but a hyena in disposition. So he learned to withdraw into himself and paint pictures of an ideal future,

when his present probation should result in a pleasant and plentiful home for his parents, where his father need not have to complain of fatigue, and his mother should sit all day by the front window in a rocking-chair, never doing anything unless she chose! These visions consoled him under many things, and became, indeed, the substitute for hope, in his mind, as similar ones are in many other minds. He wondered why he was not happier. His employers were not unkind to him, and he did not perceive that negatives have very little to do with our happiness. His labours were no greater than they had been at home, and he was better dressed and better fed. It was only the atmosphere of love that he missed, yet he pined, in secret, like a geranium in Greenland, and became, outwardly, a dull, drudging boy, without power to rise above the present by reaching towards the future.

Home troubles, too, had their share in keeping his heart in shadow. His father failed for the dozenth time in some scheme for sudden wealth, and several of the better pieces of furniture had from time to time mysteriously disappeared from the house, leaving blank spaces no less in the imagination of the children than in the rooms they had once graced. The story of the Iron Shroud,—a prison whose walls advanced daily inward, lessening the walking and breathing space of the wretch within,—only shadows forth the stealthy but unmistakable approach of absolute poverty in a family like this; and though the boy's imagination did not body it forth thus, his sense of the truth was none the less crushing to his spirits. His poor mother never complained, and, indeed, would hardly answer his anxious questions; but there was a growing sadness in her very kisses, which often sent him to bed half choking with desponding thoughts, the most prominent of which was that of his own miserable inefficiency in the case. A drop of added bitterness was the behaviour of his brother Charles,—the father's favourite and image,—a handsome, showy boy of twelve or thirteen, who ought to have taken John's place as Mrs. Todd's aid and comforter, but who chose rather to slip away to play in the street, and to do many other things which filled the tender mother's heart with anxiety. John often tried to talk a little with his brother about these matters, but one of the most discouraging things in Charles's character was a sort of plausibility or facility, which led him to assent to all general propositions in morals, while he ingeniously eluded every possible application of any to his own conduct. He never got angry at reproof,—a sure sign that he had no idea of profiting by it. Truth excites passion whenever it touches us personally, and we may as well fire

paper bullets against a stone wall, as attempt to apply it to a heart secretly fortified with evil intention. Charles's real determination was to take his pleasure wherever he could find it, while his instinctive love of character impelled him equally to avoid disgrace. These two aims generally lead to hypocrisy, hardly recognised by the sinner himself while success lasts; and Charles Todd was as yet called a fine boy by almost everybody, though he was giving his mother and his prematurely careful brother many a private heart-ache.

After John had worked hard for a year, with the hope of earning some increase to his pittance, he was discharged with very slight warning, his employer observing that he was "rather dull," which was no doubt true. A bright-looking, well-dressed boy took his place; and he set about, with leaden heart, looking for another, all the harder to find because it was necessary he should find it. When found at last, it proved to be of a considerably lower tone than the first;—a smaller establishment, and so far mortifying to his boyish pride, but otherwise—that is, in the main point of kindly interest and sympathy—very similar. And this was the general experience of four or five years or so,—a period which may be left to the reader's imagination, after the hints we have given.

Somewhere during this period, Mr. Todd, the father, fell on the ice and broke his leg badly, which effectually checked his speculative as well as ambulative powers, and changed the character of his wife's toils a little without materially increasing them. This accident, happening just after John had obtained an increase of salary, which raised his hopes a shade or two, seemed to him a final sentence as to any chance of prosperity in his unlucky career. His heart sank within him as he saw his father established on the old skeleton sofa, which had long since ceased to offer any temptation to lounging habits, and his mother and two young sisters sitting by it, trying to earn something by means of that suicidal implement, the seamstress's needle. It was impossible for him to feel only just enough solicitude on their account. The weight of his pity and tenderness hung on his hands and heart, lessening his power of aid. The too present idea of their privations led him to reduce even his diet below the just measure required for strength and courage to a constitution like his, and to go so shabbily dressed as to lessen materially his chance of obtaining better wages. He passed for a good, sober, useful fellow, who expected but little, though he was willing to turn his hand to anything. It is not in human nature to give a seedy, threadbare-looking man as much as we would give a smartly-dressed one, under the



same circumstances,—a truth not very creditable to that same nature of ours, and worthy of some examination by employers.

Charles now began to take the lead of his elder brother in all respects. His animated manner and frank-sounding words were very prepossessing, and he early obtained the situation of book-agent, a business for which address may be said to be the first, second, and third requisite, though there is perhaps a fourth, of no less consequence. His pay was irregular, and his outlay for dress considerable; and although he continued to live at home, he professed himself unable to contribute any fixed sum to the family means, though he occasionally made his mother or sisters a present, which loomed much larger in their imaginations than the constant offerings of John, dropping unperceived like the dew, and performing as important an office. Charles always wore the gay and fascinating air of success, and it was natural for a mother to be proud of him, and to hope everything from him, gladly dismissing the misgivings of the past, and persuading herself that Charles had a good heart, after all,—a conclusion to which mothers are prone to arrive rather through the affections than the judgment.

John, though he felt tempted to envy his brother the facility with which he acquired the reputation of having a good heart, had too good a one of his own to view his prosperity with jaundiced eyes. He was proud of him, too, for there is something bewitching in personal advantages, say what we will.

Yes, there is something bewitching about them, with which reason has little to do. John had already experienced this, for he had fallen in love with a pretty girl of the neighbourhood,—an orphan who lived with relatives not much disposed to be kind to her,—so said common report. Susan Bartlett had a delicate, appealing kind of beauty, which seemed quite as much the result of sensibility as of complexion and outline. The family with whom she found a home were rough, coarse people, among whom her air of natural refinement appeared to great advantage. She was evidently not comfortable in her position, a circumstance nearly as attractive as her beauty, to one who fancied himself the “predestined child of care.” If she had looked happy, he would never have dared to love her, but her pensive smile encouraged him, and the gentle, half-grateful air with which she received his attentions, so excited his languid self-complacency, that he had occasionally a gleam of hope that he might be somebody to somebody yet. In short, the first rose-tint that fell upon his life-stream was from the dawn of this tender passion; and Susan’s beauty lighting up her lover’s clouds, called forth many a

golden, shimmering air-castle, all ready to be drawn down to earth and turned into a comfortable dwelling some day.

For an hour or more after Susan had shyly owned that she returned his affection, John wondered that he had ever fancied himself doomed to ill-fortune. What was the cold, harsh world to him! Susan, like himself, had been used to straitened circumstances, and she was willing to share his lot, be it what it might. It was not long before he was forced to remember that a lot may be too narrow to be shared with anybody, but his new talisman did a good deal to keep off the foul fiend Despondency, so that his pleasure was not turned into pain much more than half the time.

Mrs. Todd felt appalled, for the moment, when she was told of John’s engagement. Not only did the condition of the family demand more than all the aid the dutiful son could give it, but to the cooler eyes of the mother, Susan’s temperament and habits were ill-calculated to promote the happiness of a poor and very sensitive man. Mrs. Todd thought her indolent and inefficient; wanting in force of character, and likely to take almost any colouring from those about her; but she wisely said nothing, for the matter was settled, and she could only grieve her son without the hope of benefit. Susan was very sweet and amiable in the family, and much a favourite with Mr. Todd, whose dull hours were considerably lightened by the presence of a pretty girl, who would sometimes read to him or entertain him with the gossip of the hour. Charles, too, was delighted with his sister-in-law that was to be, and as he had much more leisure than John, often took his brother’s place as her escort, or called upon her as John’s proxy when he was necessarily detained.

This period of our hero’s life was like a delicious Indian summer, when the atmosphere is full of golden haze, which throws a soft illusion over everything, hiding the bareness of reality, and bestowing a happy indistinctness upon distant objects. Such seasons are never long ones. The frosts of truth clear the air and force us to think upon the needs of wintry life, if we would not wake up to a distress which no illusion can gild. No man could be more sincerely in love than John Todd; but, in this case as in others, his goodness stood in the way of his happiness. A selfish man would have been amply satisfied with the pleasure of being beloved by the woman of his choice; but the good son could not long so forget his old duties as not to miss in Susan some of the qualities which would have made her a comfort to his mother. His own love was so generous, so entire; his heart beat so tenderly for all that could interest



Susan, that it was hardly in human nature not to feel some disappointment at finding in her no corresponding interest in those so dear to him. Susan evidently felt that her position was properly that of an idol, which nobody can expect to see come down from its pedestal and mingle on equal terms with its worshippers. Not that her manner was arrogant or assuming; that was always sweet and gentle. It was rather what she omitted than what she did, that brought John to the sad conviction that her affections had no tendency to be led by his, and that he had not succeeded in winning a daughter's love for his mother by giving away so largely of his own. So fate pursued him. The golden clouds changed to purple, and the purple to lead-colour, in his mind; and he felt more keenly than ever that he was doomed to be unhappy, since love, which had seemed for a time to make every sad thought absurd, had failed to satisfy him, as it seemed to do other men. John did not know how easily other men are satisfied—sometimes.

Home affairs, meanwhile, certainly had brightened a little. Somehow, unaccountably, the family had not become any poorer for Mr. Todd's long illness. Much kindness had been brought out by the circumstance, and friends had come forward in a way which materially aided Mrs. Todd without lowering her self-respect. While a man like Mr. Todd remains at the head of affairs, there is always a kind of simmering indignation among the relatives and friends of the family, which prevents their showing the sympathy they cannot but feel for the suffering members. But when he is fairly out of the way, compassion claims its natural course, as in this case. A teacher in the neighbourhood took two of the girls as free pupils, insisting that she could do so without the least cost to herself,—a mode of Christian charity more practised by that most laborious and ill-paid class than the world at all suspects. Physicians, too, discerning the true state of things, either forgot to send their bills at all, or made merely nominal charges, as they are doing every day in similar cases, with a liberality for which they get little credit. In short, even John was obliged to own to himself that a seeming misfortune may have its bright side, though the conviction did not remain present with him constantly enough to make head against the bad habit of low spirits.

Charles, meanwhile, was dashing away as usual, handsome, gay, and confident; now and then sending home some showy, useless article to his mother or sisters, and sometimes, though more rarely, throwing money into their laps, which seemed doubled in value by the grace with which it was given. There was no coming at a distinct notion of his affairs, for a

book-agency naturally fluctuates a good deal, and refers to "luck" more than some other kinds of business. But he always seemed to have leisure for visiting, and money for amusements, so his mother fought resolutely against intrusive fears that there might be something hollow in this prosperity. The elder brother was less easily satisfied, for he knew rather more of Charles's habits.

It was not long before his fears were justified. Charles came to the store one day, and with an appearance of great agitation asked to see his brother apart.

"What is the matter?" said John, whose imagination rushed homewards at once, prognosticating evil to the loved ones there.

"I've got myself into trouble," said the other; and, as he had done this several times before, his brother felt relieved to find it no worse.

But further explanation showed him that the present was no ordinary affair.

"I have lost a sum of money belonging to our firm—" began Charles.

"Lost! how lost?"

"Oh! I've been robbed, but 'tis a long story, and the question is now how to get out of the scrape. It is only two hundred dollars!"

"Only two hundred dollars!" said John, aghast, for he had not two hundred cents to call his own.

"What is to be done? Will not your firm wait till you have had time to repay it by degrees?"

"Wait! they must never know it! I should be ruined for ever if they did. Can't you help me? I could pay *you* by degrees, you know! You can get an advance on your salary. You always stand well with your employers; do ask, that's a good fellow, and I will promise that this shall be the last time that I will ever trouble you."

"But you do not consider that this would take the very bread out of mother's mouth, and the children's. You know they cannot live a week without what I bring them. You must find some other resource. Surely your firm must have some confidence in you after so long a connexion."

"Oh, they are stiff, old fellows, and they've been prejudiced against me by one or two little matters, such as happen to every young man. You are my only hope, for I will never survive disgrace."

It is needless to recount the arguments of a man without principle, who knew his brother's goodness of heart to be greater than his firmness. After a very long talk, in the course of which John ascertained that the "robbery" was only the form under which Charles chose to represent a loss at the gaming-table, and

which he professed to believe the result of fraud, the matter ended as Charles knew it would—in John's going, with shame and confusion of face, to his employers, and asking an advance of the required sum. The distress with which he did it was most evident, and the reluctance with which his request was granted quite as unmistakeable; but when he met his brother at the appointed time with the money, one would have hardly supposed Charles to be the obliged party, so easily did he make light of the whole affair.

"The old hunkers!" he said, "it will do 'em good to bleed a little. After slaving for them so long, it would be pretty, indeed, to be refused such a trifle! You let them impose upon you, John! If you only had a little more spirit they would treat you better. If our old fellows had been as niggardly with me, I should have left them long ago; but they know better!"

When John, not attempting to defend himself against the charge of wanting spirit, only desired to know what were his brother's prospects of refunding the money, for want of which the family at home must suffer, Charles talked grandly, but vaguely, of some Californian propositions that had been made to him, saying he did not know whether he should accept them or not, but, at any rate, he should pay the money very shortly.

"Do not wait," said John, "for any considerable part of it. Remember poor mother, and all her privations and difficulties. Father requires every day more and more care and labour; for you know he is nearly helpless, and it takes quite one person's time to nurse him. Pray hand me, from time to time, every dollar you can spare; for I foresee much trouble from this miserable business."

"Oh, you are always foreseeing trouble," said Charles, gaily. "You're famous for that. Why don't you look on the bright side, as I do! The world owes us a living, at least. I'm sure it does me, and I mean to have it, too! I've got half a dozen plans in my head."

"I don't like the California project very well," said John, as his brother was about to leave him.

"O! perhaps you'll like it better by and by!" was the reply; and the brothers separated.

John went home with a heavy heart; but he was used to a heavy heart, so he said nothing of what had passed. After tea, he called for Susan, who had engaged to go with him to some lecture, but found her ill with a headache. Her aunt said she had gone to bed, and must not be disturbed; so John went home, and went to bed too, not feeling very sorry to be quite alone, that he might reflect, undisturbed, upon the state of affairs. He was far from feeling

satisfied with himself for having yielded to Charles's passionate and selfish importunity, what was absolutely necessary to the support of the family; and he could see no way of reconciling the transaction to his sense of right, except that of some new self-sacrifice, which should make good the deficiency, at least in part. After turning over in his mind every possible way of earning money at extra hours, and saving it by excessive abstinence, he fell asleep, undecided between an evening class in writing, and the carriership of an early morning paper, which would furnish him with employment before daylight, and allow him to reach the store at the appointed hour. He rather thought he should try both.

The next morning his father was worse, so much worse, that he would hardly have felt justified in leaving his mother, if the transaction of the day before had not made it absolutely necessary that he should appear at the store. He looked so haggard and care-worn, that his employers thought he must be ill, and recommended that he should go home, which he gladly prepared to do, mentioning his father's dangerous condition. Just as he was locking his desk, a note came from his mother, desiring to see him immediately; and he ran home, hardly expecting to find his father still alive.

But there was no change for the worse, yet his mother was pale as ashes, and trembling all over.

"Oh, John!" she said, and that was all.

"What is it, mother—what *can* it be?"

"Susan—"

"Dead!"

"No, not dead!" and Mrs. Todd held up a letter.

"Read it, mother," said John, in a strange, quiet voice, as if he was in a magnetic sleep, and could see the contents through the paper.

And Mrs. Todd read:

"I hardly dare take the pen to write to you, John, yet it seems better than leaving you without a word. I shall not try to excuse myself, but I feel sure I should never have been happy, or have made you happy, if I had kept to our engagement only for shame's sake. I did love you at the beginning; I was not deceitful then; but afterwards I learned to love another better, and for this you are partly to blame. You are too grave and serious for me: I have not spirits enough for us both. I always felt down-hearted after we had been together, although you were always so kind and good. Do not fret about this; fall in love with somebody else—somebody that is gay and light-hearted. I know I am running a great risk, and very likely shall be sorry that I ever left



a man so good as you are for one who is more pleasant, but not any better, not so good, perhaps. I would have told you sooner, but could not make up my mind. God bless you, and farewell.

"SUSAN."

"Another! another!" said John; "what other?" Nobody spoke. There was a sort of shuddering guess in the bottom of the heart of several of the family, but no one could endure to suggest it.

"Nobody knows," said Mrs. Todd; "Susan left the house alone, they say."

John went to his own room, and locked himself in for some hours. In the evening a gentleman called, and asked to see him alone. It was one of the firm in whose employ Charles had been for some years.

"Have you been aware of your brother's intention of going to California?" said Mr. —.

"To California! No—yes—that is, I have heard him say he had had offers to go there."

"You do not know, then, that he sailed in the packet of to-day?"

John could but repeat the words, half stupid.

"Did not the family know of his marriage? He was married just before he went on board, as we understand."

All was now clear enough as to Susan; but John had yet to learn that, instead of having lost money at play, as he pretended, Charles had received a considerable sum for the house within a day or two, and only borrowed of his brother to increase his means for the elopement.

That evening Mr. Todd grew rapidly worse, and at midnight he died.

It is recorded of one of the heroic Covenanters who were subjected to the hideous punishment of the boot—which consisted in enclosing the leg in an iron case and driving in a wedge upon the bone—that after the second stroke upon the wedge he was observed to laugh, which naturally excited the curiosity of those whose business it was to torture him. "I laugh," said he, "to think I could have been so foolish as to dread the second blow, since the first destroyed all sensation."

It was not long before John Todd was aware of a sort of cheerfulness arising from the sense that he had reached the extreme point of misery. It acted as a tonic upon his mind, as the heartburn of acidity is relieved by lemon-juice. He felt more like a man than he had ever done in his life. This was proved, even to his own astonishment, when he found himself stating his position to his employers, from whom he had just borrowed a large sum (for him), and requesting of them a farther advance.

This they granted with alacrity, for he asked it with honest confidence.

"We should be glad to see you as soon as convenient;—we have something to say to you," said the elder merchant.

Two days before, this request would have made John's very heart quake, for his timidity would have prompted prognostics of evil; but now he felt bold and strong, and promised readily to be at the store as soon as he could leave home. He began to think it rather pleasant to be in despair.

After the funeral was over, and the succeeding blank pressed hard upon him, he thought him of the request of Messrs. —. On the way he had a return of his old feelings, and began to paint to himself the horrors of being turned off; but he soon drove them away with the thought that there were many more places in the world, and his own chance as good as another man's.

The object of the business conference was to propose to John Todd a share in the concern, the proprietors not being of the class with whom modesty hides merit. They had observed in him both industry and ability, joined with the most transparent honesty and truth of character, and they were wise enough to wish to secure him. Happily good spirits are not so much missed in a counting-house as in some other places.

The care of the family now devolving more obviously upon him, he removed them into a smaller but more comfortable house than had suited his father's notions, and had the happiness of seeing his mother relieved from the more harassing portion of her cares and labours, and at liberty to rest sometimes, which was a new thing in her overdriven life. His own private troubles he never mentioned, and the subject was dropped by common consent, though the woe-worn face of Mrs. Todd was, in spite of herself, a perpetual memento of the whole sad past.

At the end of some eight or ten months, news came from San Francisco that Charles had died of the disease of the country, just as he was about to be seized on the charge of embezzlement. John thought at once of Susan, unworthy as she was, and fearing she might suffer want among strangers, would fain have urged her return; but he resisted the impulse of a tenderness that might have been weakness, and only wrote to a friend in California to see that his brother's widow did not lack the ordinary comforts. In spite of this wise resolution his mind was a good deal disturbed by the image of his first love, until Susan fortunately broke the spell by marrying at San Francisco an emigrant of no immaculate fame.

This completed John's recovery, and made a



man of him. As he had at first loved Susan from pity—a wretched reason for a life-love—so he might have loved her again from pity, since he ascribed her aberration rather to weakness than to deliberate treachery. Now he saw her as she was, a poor, vacillating, selfish creature, devoid of every desirable quality,—unless we reckon as such a quiet and gentle manner, the result of temperament, not principle; not the woman to whom a man of tolerable sense could safely intrust his happiness and honour. The recollection of Charles was bitter indeed; but his career had borne its legitimate fruit, and there was mitigation in the thought that the disgrace of a public trial and imprisonment had been spared them all.

John's complete restoration was not rapidly accomplished, but like other recoveries from typhus, subject to relapses. But he never fell back entirely. Braced by misfortune, his nerves were strong for lesser ills, and his unhappy habit of self-depreciation—the most dangerous form of egotism, since it borrows the specious semblance of humility, though it is often nothing less than rank pride,—was cured by the testimony of experience. The happiness of being everything to his

mother and her children was of itself healing to his wounded self-love, and in due time he married a woman very different from Susan Bartlett, since her attractions were her own, and not those of circumstance. John Todd finished by owning himself happy.

We have all this time said no word of our hero's religion, because we do not think a man's religion worth speaking of, so long as he is determined to be his own Providence, and refuses to intrust the main web of his life to the weaving of the Unerring Hand. In truth, with all his goodness, it was only the occurrences we have narrated that taught him the wholesome lesson of dependence and submission, and convinced him that if he made his happiness depend upon freedom from misfortune, he must go through life under a cloud. He perceived that he had taken too much upon himself; and his view of his own private responsibility for everything that could possibly befall himself and his friends, was much modified, without any diminution of sensibility or efficiency. And here let us leave our exemplar, praying the reader's patience and pardon if John Todd has seemed to them only an essay in disguise.

## EDITORIAL.



### BOOK NOTICES.

**THE HOME.** By *Fredrika Bremer*. Putnam. Of the many works which this great Swedish novelist has published, the mere catalogue of which would make quite an article, there are three that stand out from the others with entire distinctness. These are "The Neighbours," published by Mr. Putnam a few months since, "The Home," just received, and "Brothers and Sisters," which we earnestly hope may soon follow, in the excellent style in which the publication has commenced. The three novels which have been named, are connected as to subject, and in the general theory of life which they teach; and moreover, they are generally admitted to be, and are regarded by the authoress, as the best of her novels. Those, therefore, who have not the time to read all her works, but who have the desire to become acquainted with

her mind in its noblest developments, are advised to look for it here. Of all her novels, "The Home" is that which created the greatest sensation at the time of its appearance—if we except, perhaps, her "Confession of Faith," a work published in 1840 to counteract the infidel tendencies of Strauss's "Life of Christ," which at that time was producing great mischief in Sweden. "The Home" first appeared in 1838. Such was the degree of favour with which it was received, not only among popular readers, but among the learned, that the Swedish Academy on this occasion sent the authoress its highest prize—the great golden medal—accompanied with a deputation of eminent dignitaries. All the weight of influence which her brilliant reputation gave her, she, two years afterwards, boldly threw into the scale against the book of Strauss, at a time when the appropriate champions of the faith among her countrymen stood wavering or aghast at the havoc. Her "Confession of Faith" was furiously attacked by the infidel party, but it nevertheless accomplished in a good degree its object. It served to fix the minds of the wavering just at the critical moment, when a bold stroke was needed on the right side—and was decisive.

**THE POWER OF BEAUTY** is the title of a small volume purporting to be from the pen of the Rev. J. T. Headly, and bearing the imprint of John S. Taylor. The "Publisher's Preface" is to us incomprehensible. It is either a continued sneer, or a miserable pandering to the depraved taste of the lowest class of readers, and in either case is an impertinence deserving the most plain-spoken rebuke. The public are urged to buy the book on the ground that there is nothing in Moore, Byron, or even Dumas, containing such scenes of "melting voluptuousness," and on

the other hand, are assured that the articles are perfectly pure and chaste, because they are written by a clergyman, and first appeared in the New York Observer!

**CHALMERS'S LIFE AND POSTHUMOUS WORKS.** *Harpers*, 12 vols., small 8vo. Chalmers will be to future generations one of the Fathers, as distinctly as Augustine or Chrysostom is to us. He led such a life of stirring activity, particularly in the closing part of his career, that his greatness could not have been questioned, had he been known to the world only as a man of action. But while he lived, and in the midst of his busiest scenes, he continued to publish, and so voluminously, that his authorship alone, apart from his pulpit performances and his generalship of the Free Church, would have made him famous. Few were prepared, after his death, to find still a third and equal claim to greatness in a series of posthumous works. These posthumous works, including his life, have already extended to twelve volumes! The first three volumes consist of Daily Scripture Readings, and the next two of Sabbath Readings. These two series form one of the most useful, and in the time and manner of their preparation, they are the most remarkable guide books to devotion which our Protestant literature affords. Volumes seventh and eighth contain Institutes of Theology, and volume ninth Lectures and Addresses. Volumes tenth, eleventh, and twelfth contain his Life, by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, and are made up in part of his letters and correspondence. Whether more of his correspondence will be given than that contained in the Life, or whether there are more posthumous volumes still forthcoming, we are not informed. But the series, as it is, is an addition to theological literature of extraordinary value.

**THE PRINCETON REVIEW.** The last number of this work is unusually rich in articles of superior merit. The first, on Algernon Sidney, we have not read. The "Return of Missionaries" discusses in a dispassionate and rational manner one of the most difficult practical questions connected with the foreign missionary enterprise. "Grinfield's Apology for the Septuagint," furnishes the occasion for a lucid exhibition of the present state of critical opinion in regard to the value and authority of this ancient version of the Scriptures. Prof. Agassiz has received what must prove a troublesome sortie upon his last position on the "Unity of the Human Race," in an article evidently from the pen of Dr. Smythe, of Charleston; and the new theory of Prof. Park, of Andover, on the "Theology of the Intellect," as distinguished from that of the feelings, has received a most searching examination at the hands of a master—the same, if we mistake not, that many years ago wrote the articles on "Imputation," &c., in the controversy with Dr. Taylor, of New Haven.

**SERIALS AND PAMPHLETS.** *Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, No. VIII., price 25 cents. *Harpers*, for sale by Zieher. This work seems to improve with every number. The small wood-cut vignettes, scattered throughout the pages, are exquisite. The narrative and descriptive parts, also, are very interesting. *Genevieve*, by Lamartine. *Harpers*, price 12½ cents, for sale by Zieher. The history of a servant-girl, dedicated to a dressmaker, by Alphonse de Lamartine, translated by A. R. Scoble. *Additional Memoirs of my Youth*, by Lamartine. *Harpers*, for sale by Zieher. Another instalment of the "Confidences." In the preface, the author vindicates himself in a masterly manner from the sneers and sarcasms that have been uttered against these autobiographical sketches. *The Iron Mask*, by Dumas. T. B. Peterson, complete in two volumes, fifty cents each. *Philosophy of Modern Miracles*, Stringer & Townsend, New York. An attempt to explain the connection of the spiritual with the material, with special reference to the late "mysterious knockings." *Everybody's Almanac and Diary for 1851*, a most useful and convenient manual in the shape of a pocket-book, with blanks for memoranda for every day in the year, prepared and for sale by the Appletons. *Byrne's Dictionary of Mechanics and Engineering*, by the same publishers, has proceeded as far as to No. XX., the word

heliotope, which concludes the first volume. *Mercersburg Review* for November contains six articles, three of which are from the prolific pen of Professor Nevin. *London Quarterly*, reprinted by Leonard Scott & Co. A capital number. *Blackwood* for October has been received from Zieher, and is full of good things, as usual. Published by Leonard Scott & Co., New York. *The Illustrated Domestic Bible*. Number 7 of this excellent work has been received from the Philadelphia agents, Getz and Buck. *Petticoat Government*, by Mrs. Trollope, is the latest issue of the *Harper's Library of Select Novels*. For sale by Zieher. Price 25 cts. *Shakespeare's Dramatic Works*. Nos. 26 and 27 of Phillips & Sampson's edition of Shakespeare have been received from the Philadelphia agent, T. B. Peterson. Price 25 cents a number. The present numbers contain the plays of King Henry VIII., and Troilus and Cressida, each with a splendid steel engraving of the heroine.

**THE METHOD OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT, PHYSICAL AND MORAL.** By the Rev. James M'Cosh. New York: Carter & Brothers. 515 pp. 8vo. Mr. M'Cosh is a professed disciple of the venerated Chalmers, and in his preface acknowledges large indebtedness to his great master. No one, however, can read a chapter in the work without arriving at the conclusion, that Mr. M'Cosh's indebtedness to Chalmers is no more than that which every man of genius owes to the minds with which his own has come into contact. There is indeed something contagious in genius, but its contagion spreads only in minds of like high endowments. Mr. M'Cosh, in this treatise, has entered upon the boldest path of metaphysico-theological inquiry, and shown himself at home and self-balanced among Jonathan Edwards, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Browne, and a host of other theologians and philosophers of the first rank. His work, though a systematic and formal treatise, is not, as such works often and very properly are, a mere compilation and orderly congregation of materials from various sources, but is an original performance, the thread of the argument being spun out from a subject made his own by diligent and independent inquiry. His style is exact and logical, and yet often enlivened by the graces of rhetoric. Even in that profound depth—the causal connection of God with his works—while attempting to reconcile the two great doctrines of Liberty and Necessity,—"Free Will and Fate,"—he is sometimes rigid, but he never becomes dull. Illustrations, not only apt, but often beautiful, await the reader, even when travelling through these dreary regions. Witness the following, which is at the close of the most abstruse chapter in the book. "High truths, like high mountains, are apt to veil themselves in clouds. Nevertheless, it is from the summit of these high truths, if we could but reach it, that we see the nature and bearing of all connected truth, as from the top of some high mountain, the axis of its range, we discover the shape and size of all the adjacent hills. We may be deceived in thinking that in these speculations we have reached such a summit. We may have only got into a region of perpetual clouds. In either case, the mind should feel that it has reached a limit which it cannot safely pass; and instead of beating uselessly against the barrier, it should return to explore the vast and fruitful region within its reach."

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON.** George S. Appleton, Philadelphia. We are heartily glad to see so excellent an American edition of Milton's Poetical Works. It is by far the best that we recollect to have seen. The book is a large octavo of eight hundred and fifty pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and containing, besides the "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," all the Minor Poems and the Latin Verses. It contains, likewise, the Life of Milton, by Sir Egerton Brydges, and all the notes and comments of that most celebrated of the Miltonian editors, as given in his famous edition in 1835. These notes contain not only the expositions of Sir Egerton Brydges himself, but all that is valuable, or that has stood the test of time, in the studies of previous commen-



tators and critics, such as Addison, Newton, Todd, Bentley, Knight, Dunster, &c., &c. It is indeed, for the student of Milton, a complete *synopsis criticorum*. All ancient and mediæval learning has been ransacked for illustration of his meaning, and the rich results are given in these well-filled pages. Besides this, in the edition of 1835, of which this is a reprint, the text, into which since the death of the author many corruptions had crept, underwent a thorough recension at the hand of that accomplished critic, Mr. James Boswell. The work is also embellished by a large number of Martin's splendid designs, illustrative of the *Paradise Lost*, newly engraved in mezzotinto, expressly for the present edition. For those who do not want the whole of Milton's works, the publishers have issued the first four hundred and fifteen pages in a separate volume, containing the *Paradise Lost* merely, with the notes, the life, and all the preliminary critical apparatus.

COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. *George S. Appleton*, of Philadelphia, has issued a handsome reprint, in royal octavo, of what has become the standard edition of Burns's Works, that namely by Allan Cunningham, containing a life of the author, with copious notices, critical and biographical, and a glossary. The work as now issued is a large and elegant volume of about five hundred and fifty pages, and makes a suitable companion to the Scott and Milton published by the same house.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WALTER SCOTT. *George S. Appleton, Philadelphia*. Much that has been said of the two previous publications, is predicable of this. With the exception of the engravings, the enterprising publisher has done the same for Scott as for Milton; that is, he has produced in handsome typography, and in a royal octavo of eight hundred and forty pages, the complete poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, with all the Notes and Introductions of the author, as given in the standard edition of his works prepared by himself before his death.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS. *G. P. Putnam, Author and Publisher*. 690 pp. small 8vo. A library is only a very big dictionary. So this work of Mr. Putnam is in itself a small library. As a work of reference, showing at a glance, in well-digested tables, the progress of the world in arts, arms, science, and literature, from the time of the Creation down to the arrival of the last steamer from Europe, we know nothing equal to the book under consideration, either for comprehensiveness or perspicuity. We know no one book of equal size, in which one can find so much valuable information with so little trouble. The volume contains first of all a good chronological chart, with the stream of time centuriated, and the centuries marked by equal spaces, from the Creation to the year 1800. There is nothing in the plan of this chart especially novel; but in the preparation of it, the author has avoided the common error of overcrowding it with matter. Only the great leading events are marked, giving thereby with the greater clearness the general outline of events. Next follows a series of chronological tables, filling one hundred and fifty pages, which may be considered as an expansion in another form, but on the same principle, of the general chronological chart. In these tables the great facts of history are inserted with a good degree of fulness, and are arranged by centuries to correspond with the chart, so that by a reference to the one we get the general view, by a reference to the other we are furnished with the special details. After this comes a "Dictionary of Dates," in four hundred and fifty pages, by means of which one can immediately ascertain the date of any particular event, invention, or person, and then, by referring to the corresponding part of the chronological chart and tables, can see at a glance the connexions of said event, invention, or person, with contemporaneous affairs. The Dictionary of Dates is followed by literary chronologies, Hebrew, Greek, British, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Scandinavian, Polish, Russian, Oriental, American. And lastly, there is a very compact but comprehensive biographical index, giving the dates of the birth and death of all the great names in history.

A PRONOUNCING GERMAN READER. *By James C. Oehlschlüger*. *D. Appleton & Co., New York*. The study of the German, for the purposes equally of literature, art, science, and commerce, is making rapid advances in the United States. It would not be surprising if the German were eventually more studied in this country than the French. It is therefore important to note with some emphasis all improvements in the mode of teaching the language. Among these we have seen none—not excepting Ollendorff's—that offers more facilities for both teacher and learner, or that shows more practical wisdom, than Oehlschlüger's German Reader, just quoted. The author has been for many years a successful teacher of the German, his native tongue, in Philadelphia, and he has given in this book the fruits of an intelligent experience. The time has come when the old, humdrum method of learning languages—living languages certainly—should be abandoned, once and for ever. A living language should be learned by foreigners, just as it is by children. Pronunciation comes by imitation, phrases and idioms by example and repetition. The logic of language is an afterthought, something to be applied after the language is learned, not as a means of learning it.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE CREATOR. *By Hugh Miller*. *Gould, Kendall & Lincoln*. Hugh Miller, originally only a common day-labourer in the quarries of Scotland, has become by the force of genius and the dint of labour successfully applied, one of the leading minds of the age. His first publication, that on the "Old Red Sandstone," placed him by a single bound in the front rank of geologists, among whom he is now an acknowledged authority. The present essay places him among the ablest vindicators of revealed religion that have appeared in modern times. It is plain that the battle of the Evidences is to be fought over again, not as in the last age, on the field of Metaphysics, but on the field of physical science. On this new arena, the combatants will have to use new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. It is therefore of peculiarly auspicious omen, to see an independent and fearless inquirer, like Hugh Miller, go forth hammer in hand among the "old red sandstone" and other primeval formations of the earth, and demolish at a single blow, and with their own weapons, the whole "development theory" of the infidel class of geologists.

CANTICA LAUDIS; *the American Book of Church Music*. Also, *THE MELODIST; a collection of Popular and Social Songs*. These two collections, one of church music, the other of music for social and festive occasions, have received the highest commendations from professors and teachers of the science in all parts of the country. The authors, Lowell Mason, and George James Webb, are widely known by their successful efforts to improve popular music—both sacred and social—and when it is stated that the works now named contain the latest and ripest fruits of their zealous industry, nothing more need be said to those familiar with the subject.

BOYD'S MILTON. *Baker & Scribner*. The Rev. James Boyd, author of sundry works on "Rhetoric," &c., has prepared an edition of the "*Paradise Lost*," with variorum notes, in one volume, crown octavo, 542 pages. The notes are taken from Addison, Newton, Todd, Hume, Sir Egerton Brydges, Richardson, Thyer, Stebbing, Pearce, and the most remarkable reviews, together with some original matter, the whole digested into a tolerably homogeneous and very acceptable commentary on a work, that of all English classics most needs a learned exegesis.

THE COUNTRY YEAR BOOK. *By William Howitt*. *Harpers* 422 pp. small 8vo. A more delightful and refreshing miscellany it has not been our good fortune to meet with this many a day. The book is divided into twelve sections, each section being devoted to a particular month, beginning with January and ending with December. In each month are described, in that charming way in which the Howitts know how to describe, the country scenes and pleasures appropriate to that month, mingled up throughout with beautiful poems and stories.



## OUR MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

It is a matter of real congratulation, both for ourselves and our readers, that we are enabled to announce an engagement with JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., of Boston, as MUSICAL EDITOR. To those who had the pleasure of hearing his course of musical lectures delivered in Philadelphia, last March, no further guarantee will be needed of the importance of this arrangement. The power of analyzing musical compositions, and giving to "songs without words" a world of meaning and interest, he has made peculiarly his own. We call attention to his "Introductory" below, sure that it is a prelude to much delightful entertainment and information to be forthcoming in the course of the year. In February we shall commence the monthly publication of Music selected and arranged by him expressly for our Magazine.

## INTRODUCTORY.

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

A Magazine like this is bound, in duty and interest, to report and further all the genial social elements. In these times, therefore, it can no more shut out MUSIC, than it can shut out the sun. Its proprietors and editors, in entering upon this new half century, feel that they can do no less than consecrate a regular department in its monthly pages to the thoughts suggested by this beautiful and subtle agent, now so deeply domesticated in our American life. For Music is pre-eminently the social Fine Art. It is the only universal language,—at least the only one which men thus far have learned and made available. It is the language of the heart, which vibrates uniformly to like causes in all breasts; while words, philosophies, and creeds, the products of the mind, are unintelligible beyond certain spheres of nationality or party. Can we doubt that such an art is destined to remarkable developments in such a country as our own? that it must become more and more identified with the American character,—a character which the genius of our institutions and the boundless invitation of our territory are rendering every day more cosmopolitan and universal? There is a grandeur in the very consciousness of membership in such a large and various commonwealth of character; there is an exaltation in the American feeling thus viewed, which borders on the unitary sentiment, and seeks a rhythmical expression.

And yet the greater the social destiny of this people, the harder is the realization of the problem, and the more manifold the dangers and shortcomings to which, for some time, we shall be exposed. We are excessively political, and enterprising to a fault in the pursuit of individual fortune. Business and party do their best to isolate and harden us. There is a wide new world before us, and a glorious ideal floats above us in the motto and the Constitution of our Union; schools, and churches, and material enterprise do much; but we inherit from the past some old wrongs which are now a bone of discord; these are sustained with a convulsive grasp by interest; while on the other hand reform is loud, and stern, and harsh, and anarchy is ever threatening. Political peace measures, compromises, and adjustments, are no guaranty of peace; we want the peaceful tone and spirit in our lives and characters. Mere balances of power, the blind resultants of incessant party strife, are not union; we need the tone and sentiment of unity, so that character shall keep us cordially united, where interests, and politics, and even creeds divide. To no providential agent can we look for this more confidently than to art. Art is a quiet, unpretending, potent reconciler. The spirit of art pervading a community insures at once a loyal and a generous disposition. It is as conservative as it is large, free, and progressive. It tempers these raw energies of ours to gentler methods of approaching ends, with a fond patience for

each slow step of a natural transition. It imbues us with a moral principle which operates by habit, beautifully and surely, like the resolution of discords in Music. It lets us never spurn the past in stepping from it to the future. Moreover, the best of it is that art, like nature, insinuates its lessons without ever professing to teach. It does not assume to moralize us and convert us. It only seeks to please us, smiles to us with beauty, and we are made better in our inmost souls by actual experience of harmony and inward prophecy of more.

One cannot overstate the good that would result, could we make Art, in any deep sense, an element in our social life, and in our national character. We must appeal to some experience of the artistic sense, for illustration of our meaning. What constitutes the charm of a fine painting, some genuine master-piece of genius? Not the bare contents of the picture in detail; not the mere brilliancy or richness of the colouring; the boldness, nor the delicacy of the outline; nor the ingenuity of the composition. But it is a certain pervading tone and atmosphere of the whole, fusing all particulars into a vital unity, and softening all down harmoniously, so that nature seems to accept it as part of herself. So it is with a good piece of music, and with any product into which the creative life of Art has entered. So too, it is, or should be, in the lives and the society of persons who have not only cultivated the superficial sense of beauty, but are evermore baptized into the spirit of Art. The *tone* of an artist, or a true lover of art, is felt genially around him. Pervading a society, it would be just that sort of conservative cement, which denies no right and checks no wholesome growth.

We, as a people, need this element. Welcome the artists who will give us this! Thanks to the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the singer, the dramatist, the dancer,—we care not in what form he comes,—if he has given us some true embodiment of spiritual Beauty in the forms of Art! To spend on these things hours withdrawn from selfish business, or from idler sensual recreation, or from that sterner and ungenial piety, which is too often but a blind reaction to the opposite extreme from all that worldliness, cannot but bring us, through the Beautiful, much nearer to the Good.

Most hopeful of the Arts, as social influences in our land, is the art of MUSIC. The secret of this lies partly in the distinctive character of Music, as the most expansive, fluid, universal of the arts, and partly in the social aspirations, destiny, and feeling of this young giant people, entering a new world, full of wealth and wonders, to subdue and harmonize. We can but hint it. But as an evidence that we Americans have latent sympathy enough for art, in spite of our crudity and liability to be humbugged in our dealings therewith, we have but to mention the enthusiasm and the ready abandonment of our proverbial economy of time and money with which we greet a great singer, whom there is any good authority for supposing to be a really great artist. There is a plenty of spurious excitement mingled with all this, no doubt. Much of it is the mere love of excitement; much is fashion; and much is accidental or manufactured, like a marketable commodity. But there is, and must be, something deeper under all this, to justify it to itself and make it go. Men may follow an artist from fashion, without being able themselves to tell an artist from a bungler; but, take away the dim feeling everybody has that a real artist is something indeed divine and worthy to be followed, and what would prop the fashion up? Ignorant and indiscriminating as we are in art, and scarcely knowing when we have it, yet we pay prices for it which set our own utilitarian maxims at defiance, and which neither our love of amusement nor our slavery to fashion are sufficient to explain. It is the few who are fashionable, the few who go to extravagant lengths in buying pleasures; and they would sooner squander on a ball or feast than on a fine art. But the sober and the self-possessed, those who have more moral and mental resources than they have dollars, are known to count the cost, and with deliberate cheerfulness invest several days' earnings in the

delights of one fine opera or concert. What does this mean? Why, that we have a reverence for art which is almost prophetic, compared with our inexperience and crude taste in such matters. By some means or other, we have got it in us, that Art is a pearl without price; that it is a reality which most deeply concerns us all morally and socially; that it bears a direct mission to humanity; that wanting that, we want humanity. What justifies our more than pleasure in an orchestra of instruments, a symphony, a chorus? It is, that therein we perceive a type, a prophecy of human destiny, of the true ultimate fulfilment of the "E PLURIBUS UNUM," of the many made one in harmonious co-operation, of the "Beauty of Holiness," or wholeness, and the joy thereof, in that great social music which the ages are preparing.

Holy enthusiasm! Whether in religion, in patriotism, in philanthropy, love, friendship, or in art, so surely as it seizes on us, we are generous, we are lifted far above mean dollar-and-cent calculations, we drink of the life which alone is power or wealth,—wealth and power which we may share with every soul, and feel ourselves the richer and the stronger. Priceless is everything that can create enthusiasm, as distinct from fruitless, cheap excitement. Priceless shall art, shall music be to us Americans, who have enough excitement, but who need enthusiasm. The spirit of art, the power to enjoy and feel deep music, grows upon us. It is as much our destiny to be a musical, as it is to be a free, a generous, a humane, fraternal people.

In this spirit we hope to discourse of music regularly henceforth in the brief space allotted to us in these pages. By notices of significant musical events, by analyses and criticisms of musical compositions, and by various brief and popular discourse, we hope to interest our readers in the real worth and meaning of this divine art. Especially would we do a little towards directing the popular musical susceptibilities towards the enduring styles and models of taste. In the very brief selections of printed music, which we shall make for each ensuing number, we shall hope to present what shall be not only simple, but genuine, in the sense of art. There are countless little gems among the classic compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, and so forth, too little known, and intrinsically more captivating than the light English songs and waltzes which have till lately formed the staple of all music shops and magazines. Not able to produce much quantity, we shall insist on quality, and in a small way bring out "treasures new and old."

Can we close this article without one word of tribute where the whole American heart is rendering it? Fortunately for this, as for all larger enterprises for the indoctrination of our people into the spirit of music, we have JENNY LIND among us, who is now to us the popular impersonation of Music. We must give our thought of her another time. At present let us only thank her as a living spring of true enthusiasm for the beautiful and good, throughout the length and breadth of a great nation swallowed up in selfish interests and party strifes, yet easily redeemed to its great destiny of brotherhood, if it but court the inspiring influence of Art with half the eagerness that it has courted outward prosperity and power.

## ART NOTICES.

REMBRANDT PAINTING HIS MOTHER'S PORTRAIT. Painted by Robert Fleury. The embellishment with the above title, given in another part of the Magazine, represents a scene in the domestic life of a great artist, from a picture by the celebrated French painter Fleury. Although France is not the country of his birth, he must still be regarded as belonging wholly to that school, having there acquired his entire artistic culture.

Joseph Nicolet Robert Fleury was born at Cologne, in 1797, in a house very near to that distinguished as the birth-place of Rubens. He early indicated a taste for art, and was sent to Paris for his studies. He was a

pupil successively of Vernet, Girodet, and Gros; but his favourite place of study was the atelier of Gericault, with whom he was intimately acquainted; an intimacy unhappily terminated by the death of Gericault, in 1824. Fleury is said to be a very good colourist. Gall, the phrenologist, when on a visit to Horace Vernet, pointed him out from a group of students as having the organ of colour particularly developed. The prediction was fully justified by Fleury's superiority in after years. The style of his compositions may be judged of by the specimen selected for the present number of the Magazine. The first picture of our artist that drew public attention was painted at Rome. A short time before Fleury arrived at the "Imperial City," a band of brigands had forcibly entered a monastery, and sacrilegiously pillaged the holy fathers. This incident caused much excitement at the time, and Fleury seized upon it as a subject for his pencil. He worked assiduously, and with a feeling that his reputation as an historical painter depended upon his success. His perseverance was indomitable. Three times in the course of four years he painted the same scene, and still dissatisfied, but not disheartened, with what he considered unsuccessful efforts, he a fourth time reproduced it, sufficiently improved to stand the test of his own criticism, possibly the most severe that was given to it. This picture was sold for twelve hundred francs, but Charles X. seeing it, offered to purchase it for five thousand; this was refused by the possessor, and the result was a medal to Fleury, and an order from the king for a painting of "Tasso arriving at the Convent of St. Onofrio."

In 1829, Fleury having executed a very successful study of sheep imagined that till then he had mistook his true vocation, and determined to endeavour to make himself the Paul Potter of France. He went to Holland to prosecute his new studies, returned to retire to a farm some distance from Paris, and commenced on a twelve feet canvass a picture that should demonstrate unquestionably his newly discovered faculties. He was interrupted in the indulgence of his cattle mania by the news of the revolution of 1830. Leaving his cows "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies," Fleury hastened to Paris to take part in the active scenes of the day. At the metropolis, he was solicited to paint the portraits of several distinguished individuals, besides receiving orders for historical pictures. He returned to his original studies, relinquished the hope of gaining the laurel crown for Potterism, and sending for his unfinished composition, cut out some parts to be preserved as mementos, and destroyed the remainder. From that time he continued to maintain a respectable position among the artists of the French school.

H. A. H.

## "PREPARING MOSES FOR THE FAIR."

This splendid engraving may safely challenge comparison with anything in the shape of embellishment that has appeared in the magazines for several years. It was executed in London expressly for this Magazine, and under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Samuel Sartain. The incident which forms the subject of the picture is taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and is familiar to most readers, not only from the book itself, but from the numerous attempts to illustrate it which have been given heretofore in annuals and other works. We have taken a subject with which the public is already familiar, to show by comparison the superiority of the execution of embellishments in this Magazine to those ordinarily seen.

The artist seems to have caught the very spirit of the original. "Next morning," says the good vicar, "I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in."



## FASHIONS.



FIG. 1.

TOILETTE DE VILLE.

FIG. 2.

BRIDAL TOILETTE.

FIG. 1. *Toilette de Ville*.—Bonnet of dark blue velvet, trimmed with folds of satin of the same colour, and little rings of black velvet No. 1, and with two shaded feathers. The edge of the face is finished with three folds of satin, a little gathered; and each of these folds is ornamented with a row of the small velvet rings. A very narrow velvet is also placed flat upon the seam which joins the fold to the face. The back of the crown is composed of four of the satin folds, forming somewhat the appearance of a rosette. These folds lie one upon the other, and are also surmounted by the black velvet rings. A fold of satin, with the same ornaments, edges also the bavolet. The two feathers are placed foot to foot, one rising and extending forward upon the face, and the other falling backward upon the bavolet.

Manteau of golden brown velvet, a little open in front, and sloped in to fit close at the waist. The sleeves are of the pagoda form, and moderately large. The sleeves, corsage, and jupe, are trimmed with volants of wide black lace, very much gathered. All the edges of the velvet are ornamented with passementerie. Robe of dark blue damask, with designs of foliage and flowers.

FIG. 2. *Bridal Toilette*.—Hair turned back in rouleaux, the puffing roll being largest at the sides, and diminishing gradually toward the forehead, so as to form the point there. A straight veil of lace is arranged in such manner, that it starts from the point upon the forehead in a fold on each side, which is shaken out as it passes over the head. A garland of Lily of the Valley flowers, or small sprigs, follows the outline of the coiffure between the rouleau of hair and the edge of the veil; then over the forehead the lilies are interspersed with other simple flowers, and light branches with green foliage.

Robe of white taffetas; corsage high, a little open V before; waist busked; sleeves pagodas; jupe exceedingly full, plaited at the waist in loose plaits. The jupe has a double garniture composed of two rows of volants, two in each row, of which one overlies the other. Of these, one is of lace and the other of taffetas, embroidered in exactly

the same design as the lace. The seam, which attaches the upper, or taffetas, volant, is hidden under a silk broderie, representing a string of pearls, above which is a light garland of small flowers, embroidered upon the jupe itself. One row of similar volants ornaments the pagoda sleeves. The corsage, also, is ornamented with the garland and the row of pearls.

FIG. 3. (For Figures 3, 4, 5, and 6, see third page of cover.) *Walking Dress*.—Shawl-mantelet of velvet, trimmed with black lace. The seam by which the upper of the three rows of lace is attached, and that of the row from shoulder to shoulder, is covered with passementerie, terminating, in the latter, in a head and tassel on each side. Robe of rich watered silk, skirt very full, and without trimming. Satin bonnet, trimmed around the edge of the face with a ruche. A volant of lace, starting from the junction of the face and crown, passes around behind, being sewn on where the crown and cape unite, and falling upon the latter. Another volant, starting from the same point, crosses the face diagonally. A plume of feathers depends over the space between this lace and the front edge of the face.

FIG. 4. *Walking Dress*.—Pardessus of Japan blue velvet, with high corsage and revers collar, close round the neck. The front of the pardessus is ornamented with a beautiful design of flowers, executed in rich embroidery. Pagoda sleeves, trimmed with very deep fringe, with open heading. Robe of silk. Velvet bonnet, with open face, and under-trimming of flowers.

FIG. 5. The bonnet and mantelet are the same here as in Fig. 3, by exhibiting a front view. The mantelet in front is closed with *agrafes* of passementerie, with button and tassel on each side. The robe is of golden brown silk.

FIG. 6. This exhibits a back view of the pardessus and bonnet, shown in Fig. 4. The broad fringe which trims the sleeves is continued across the back, forming a very tasteful ornament. Robe of damask, in designs of bunches of flowers and foliage.





# EIGHT EXTRA PAGES.

## 26 EMBELLISHMENTS—35 ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

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Executed in London under the superintendence of CHARLES HEATH, being the first of the series of illustrations of SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

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THE LIFE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS.



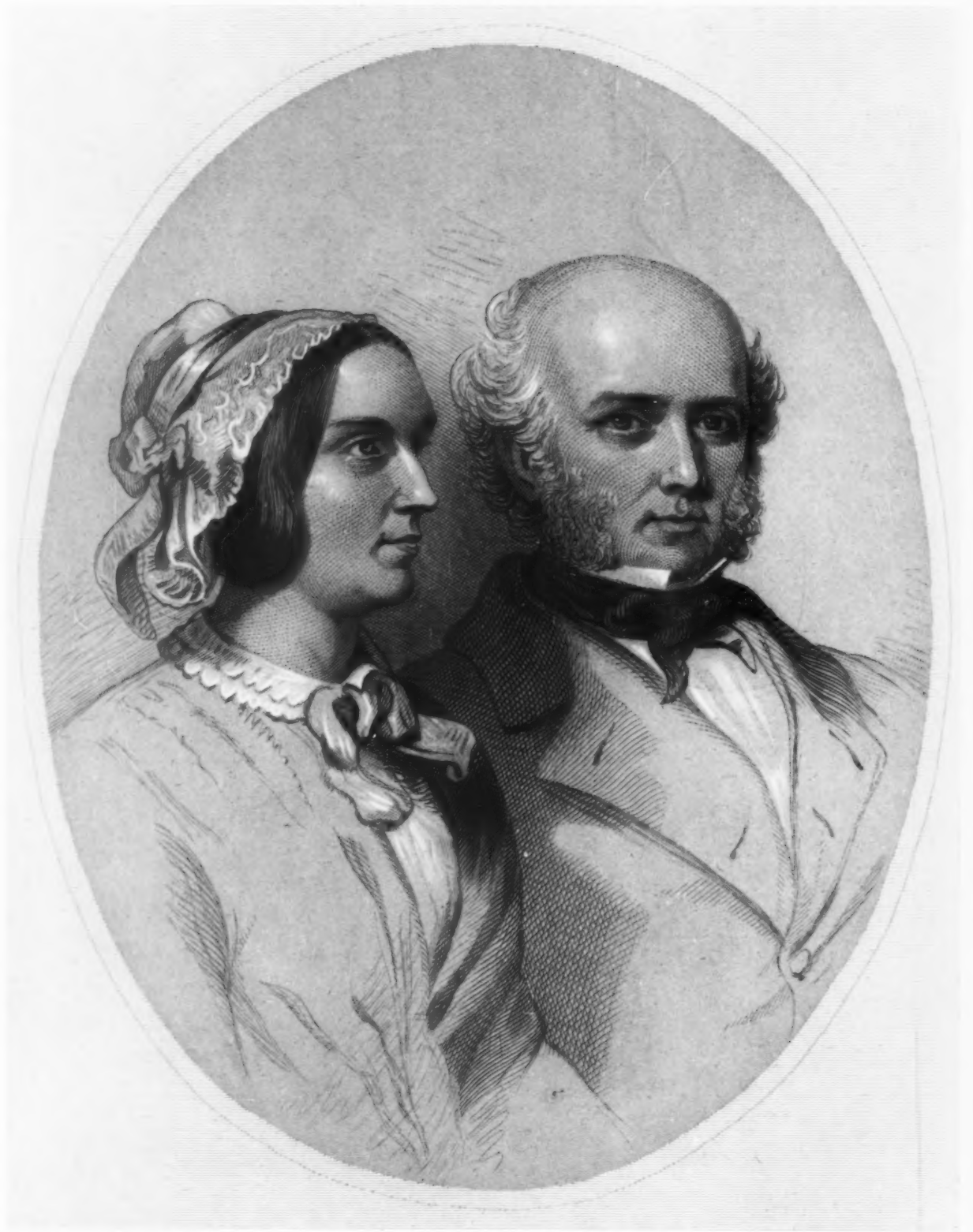






Flowers fade as the seasons roll  
Stars grow dim with the morning light  
But ever burns within my soul  
The flame of love serene and bright

PRINTED BY J. W. STEEL, 10, N. 2ND ST. N. Y.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. STEEL, AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING FROM LIFE MADE FOR THIS MAGAZINE.

MARY & WILLIAM HEWITT.









ENGRAVED BY J. C. BUTTRE

THE ORIGINAL BY R. FARRIER.

THE WIFE'S FIRST TRIAL.





" And O! and O!" said the babies baith,  
" Take her where waters rin,  
And white as the milk of her white breast,  
Wash her twa hands frae sin "



THE BONNIE BAIRNS.



February.

LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.